The

EUREKA SACRED QUARTETTES

For

Male, Female and Mixed Voices

This book belongs to _____

Residence _____

Published by

THE EUREKA PUB. CO.
Stigler, Oklahoma

THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.
Dayton, Virginia

Price, 25 cents; $2.60 dozen

The Eureka Sacred Quartettes

— FOR —

Male, Female and Mixed Voices

BY

REV. C. B. WIDMEYER

WITH

HOMER F. MORRIS
WILL. H. RUEBUSH
R. L. POWELL
HALDOR LILLINAS
S. J. OSLIN
THOS. R. SWEATMON
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Associate Authors

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Price, One Quarter

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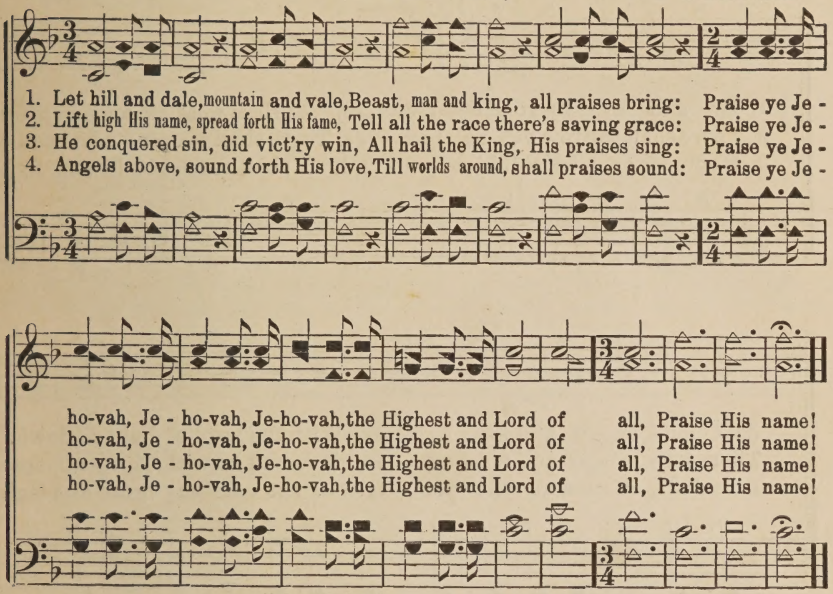
INDEX.

	No.
Abundance of Grace	10
A Little While	35
All for Jesus	38
Almost Home	21
Almost Persuaded	23
Ashamed of Jesus	8
Beautiful Crowns	12
Bless Jehovah, O my Soul	9
Crossing to That Far, Far Away	19
Eternity	6
Give the Best You Have	59
God Never Forgets	31
Have You Heard the News?	39
Have You Received the Blessing?	48
Home of the Soul	13
I Long to be With Jesus	7
In the Quiet With God	4
In Those Days	56
In Yonder Skies	60
I Shall Be Satisfied	33
I shall Lay Me Down In Peace	24
It Doesn't Matter to Me	16
Jesus Will Let You In	40
Just Beyond	27
Just Beyond the Hills of Time	55
Light From Heaven	17
Lean Harder on Jesus	51
Mother's Gone	53
My Jesus, I Love Thee	44
My Mother's Bible	18
My Old Cottage Home	54
My Precious Mother	52
Nearer, My God, to Thee	29
No Night There	50
No One Has Loved Me Like Jesus	58
No Tears in Yonder Home	57
One By One	32
O Turn Ye	11
Praise Ye Jehovah	1
Speak a Word for Jesus	46
Speed Away	49
Sowing the Tares	3
Sweet Rest	47
That Beautiful Land	28
The Angels Are Singing	14
The Cross of Calvary	20
The Little Brown Church	43
The Language of Canaan	41
There is Glory	22
There Were Ninety and Nine	25
The Story is True	30
The Sweet By and By	42
'Tis Mother's Hand	26
Three Worlds Watching Me	34
Weeping Jesus	5
Were You There?	37
We Shall Sit at Jesus' Feet	2
When I See Him Face to Face	45
Which Way?	36

The Armstrong Printing Co., Music Typographers
419-421 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

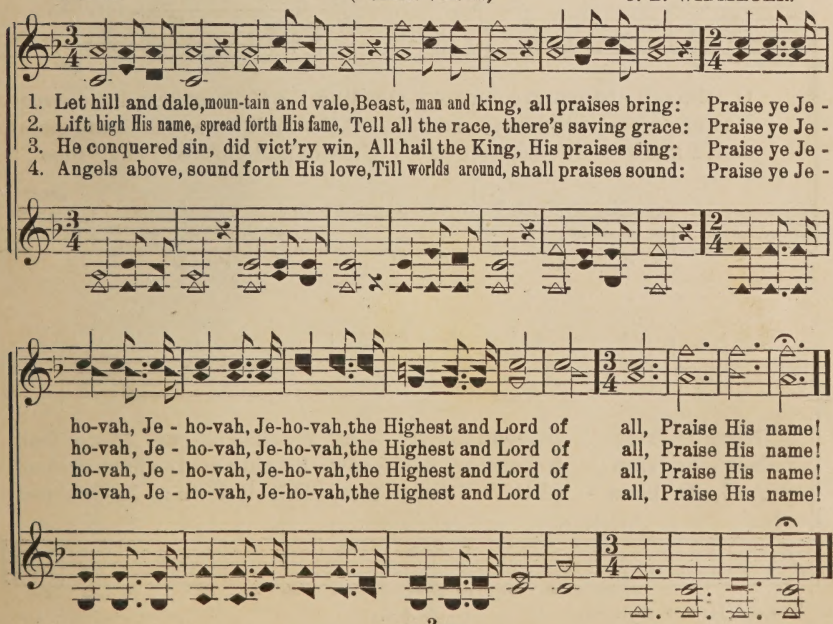
No. 1. PRAISE YE JEHOVAH!—1.

C. B. W. (For mixed voices.) C. B. WIDMEYER.


1. Let hill and dale, mountain and vale, Beast, man and king, all praises bring: Praise ye Je -
2. Lift high His name, spread forth His fame, Tell all the race there's saving grace: Praise ye Je -
3. He conquered sin, did vict'ry win, All hail the King, His praises sing: Praise ye Je -
4. Angels above, sound forth His love, Till worlds around, shall praises sound: Praise ye Je -
ho-vah, Je - ho-vah, Je-ho-vah, the Highest and Lord of all, Praise His name!
ho-vah, Je - ho-vah, Je-ho-vah, the Highest and Lord of all, Praise His name!
ho-vah, Je - ho-vah, Je-ho-vah, the Highest and Lord of all, Praise His name!
ho-vah, Je - ho-vah, Je-ho-vah, the Highest and Lord of all, Praise His name!

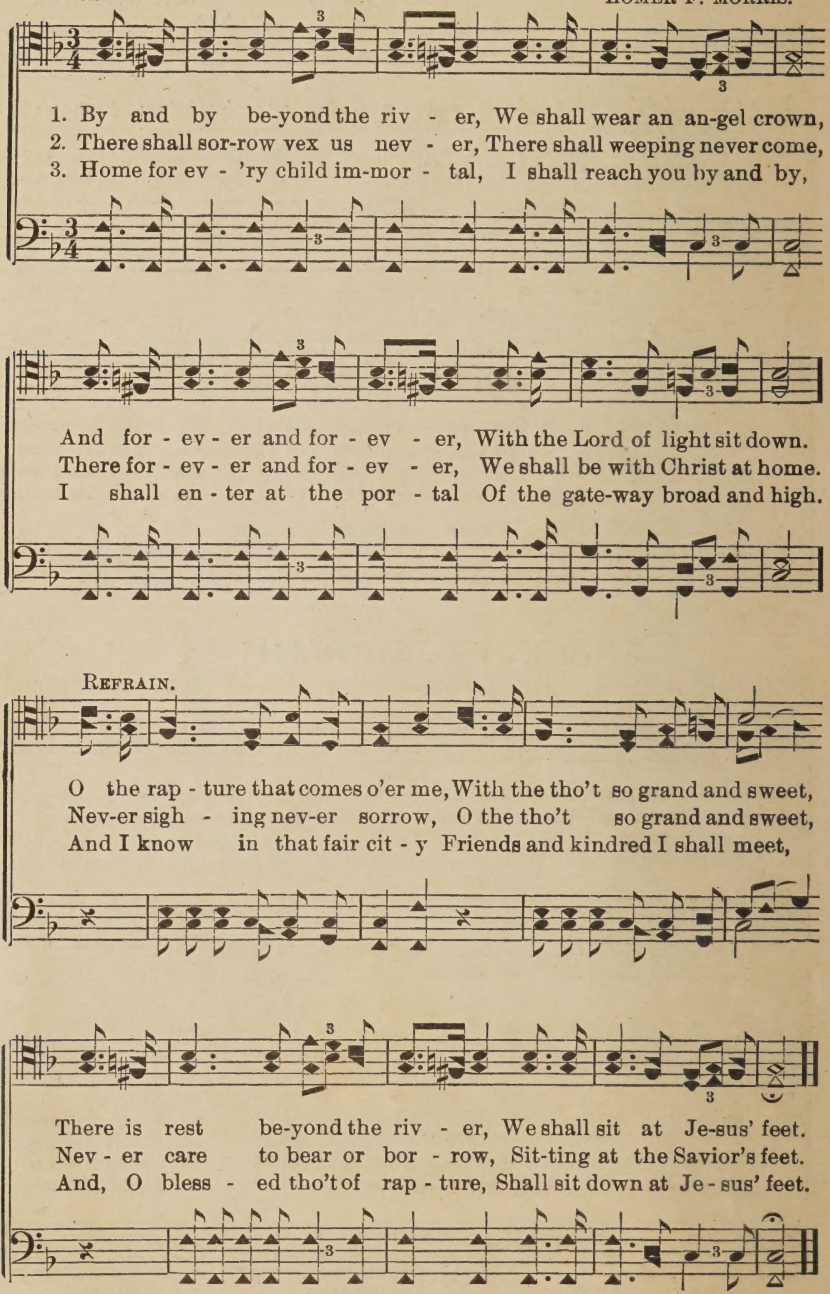
PRAISE YE JEHOVAH!—2.

C. B. W. (Female voices.) C. B. WIDMEYER.


1. Let hill and dale, moun-tain and vale, Beast, man and king, all praises bring: Praise ye Je -
2. Lift high His name, spread forth His fame, Tell all the race, there's saving grace: Praise ye Je -
3. He conquered sin, did vict'ry win, All hail the King, His praises sing: Praise ye Je -
4. Angels above, sound forth His love, Till worlds around, shall praises sound: Praise ye Je -
ho-vah, Je - ho-vah, Je-ho-vah, the Highest and Lord of all, Praise His name!
ho-vah, Je - ho-vah, Je-ho-vah, the Highest and Lord of all, Praise His name!
ho-vah, Je - ho-vah, Je-ho-vah, the Highest and Lord of all, Praise His name!
ho-vah, Je - ho-vah, Je-ho-vah, the Highest and Lord of all, Praise His name!

No. 2. WE SHALL SIT AT JESUS' FEET.

Anon. HOMER F. MORRIS.


1. By and by be-yond the riv - er, We shall wear an an-gel crown,
2. There shall sor-row vex us nev - er, There shall weeping never come,
3. Home for ev - 'ry child im-mor - tal, I shall reach you by and by,
And for - ev - er and for - ev - er, With the Lord of light sit down.
There for - ev - er and for - ev - er, We shall be with Christ at home.
I shall en - ter at the por - tal Of the gate-way broad and high.
REFRAIN.
O the rap - ture that comes o'er me, With the tho't so grand and sweet,
Nev-er sigh - ing nev-er sorrow, O the tho't so grand and sweet,
And I know in that fair cit - y Friends and kindred I shall meet,
There is rest be-yond the riv - er, We shall sit at Je-sus' feet.
Nev - er care to bear or bor - row, Sit-ting at the Savior's feet.
And, O bless - ed tho't of rap - ture, Shall sit down at Je - sus' feet.

Property of H. F. Morris, 1914.

No. 3. SOWING THE TARES.

MALE QUARTETTE.

"Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

Words by a convict in the Maryland State Prison. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Pleadingly.
1. Sow-ing the tares when it might have been wheat, Sowing of mal - ice,
2. Sow-ing the tares, how dark is the sin, Mingling a curse with
3. Sow-ing the tares, that brings sor-rows down, Robs of its jew - els
4. Sow-ing the tares under cover of night Which might have been wheat all
spite and de - ceit, We might have sown ros - es a - mid life's sad
life's sweet-est hymn, And heed-ing no an - guish, no pit - e - ous
life's fair - est crown, And turn - ing to sil - ver the once gold-en
gold - en and bright; O, heart, turn to God with re - pent-ance and
cares, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
pray'rs, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
hairs, Grown whit - er and whit - er while we sowed the tares.
pray'rs, And plead God's for - give-ness for sow - ing the tares.
CHORUS.
Sow - ing, sow - ing, We plead God's forgiveness for sowing the tares;
Sowing the tares, sowing the tares,
Sow - ing, sow - ing, Keep us, dear Savior, from sowing the tares.
Sowing the tares, sowing the tares.

Central Music Co., owners.

WILSON

No. 4. IN THE QUIET WITH GOD.

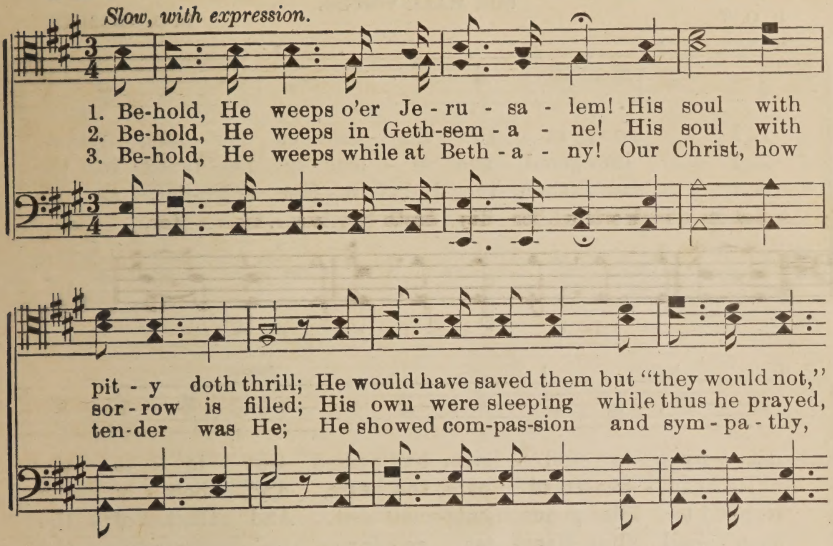
THOS. R. SWEATMON. S. J. OSLIN.

1. In the qui - et with God, I'm re - lieved of my burdens, 'Tis the
2. In the qui - et with God, There is peace for my spirit, It is
3. In the qui - et with God, It is great con-so - la - tion, It is
sweet-est of plea-sure to me; When I'm with Him alone, there is
balm for my fee - ble, sick soul; It is when I'm a - lone that I
bless-ed to meet Him a - lone; Says His loving, sweet voice when He
sweetest com-mun-ion, 'Tis the great-est of glo - ry I see.
have blest as - sur-ance Of His com - fort while a - ges shall roll!
whis-pers so gen - tly That He'll number my soul with His own!
Refrain.
I long for the quiet with God, He speaks thro' the Spirit to me;
with God,
Some day I will join Him in heaven, There to spend my e-ter-ni-ty!

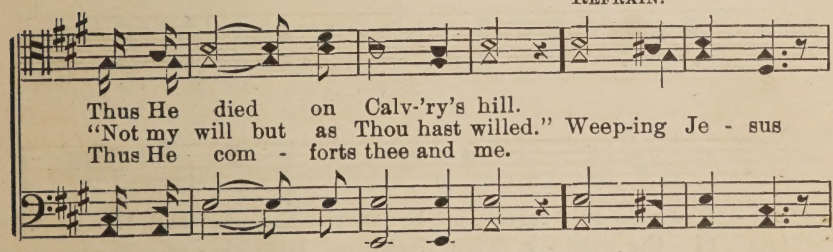
No. 5. WEEPING JESUS.

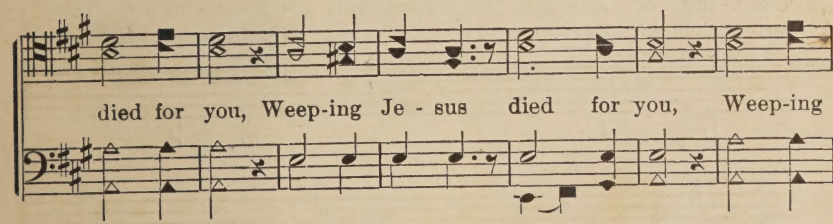
C. B. W. John 11: 35. C. B. WIDMEYER.

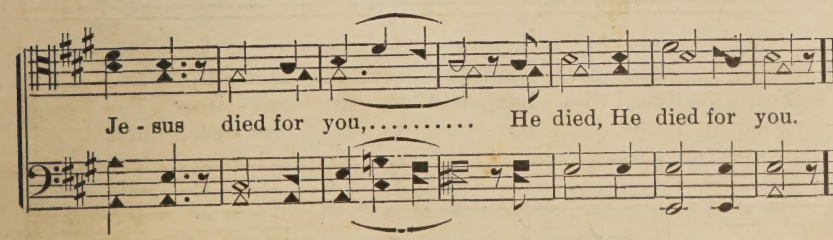
Slow, with expression.


1. Be-hold, He weeps o'er Je - ru - sa - lem! His soul with
2. Be-hold, He weeps in Geth-sem - a - ne! His soul with
3. Be-hold, He weeps while at Beth - a - ny! Our Christ, how
pit - y doth thrill; He would have saved them but "they would not,"
sor - row is filled; His own were sleeping while thus he prayed,
ten-der was He; He showed com-pas-sion and sym - pa - thy,

REFRAIN.







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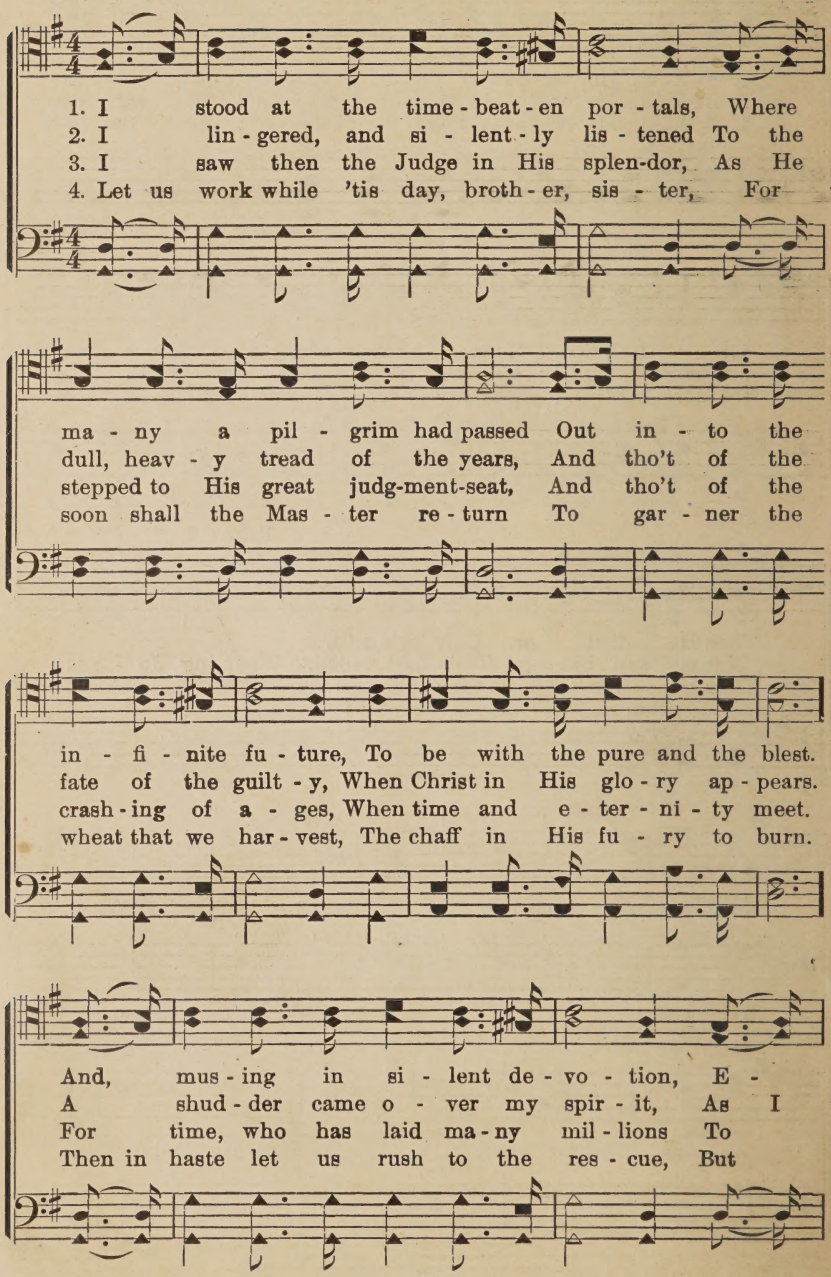
No. 6. ETERNITY.

FOR MALE VOICES.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

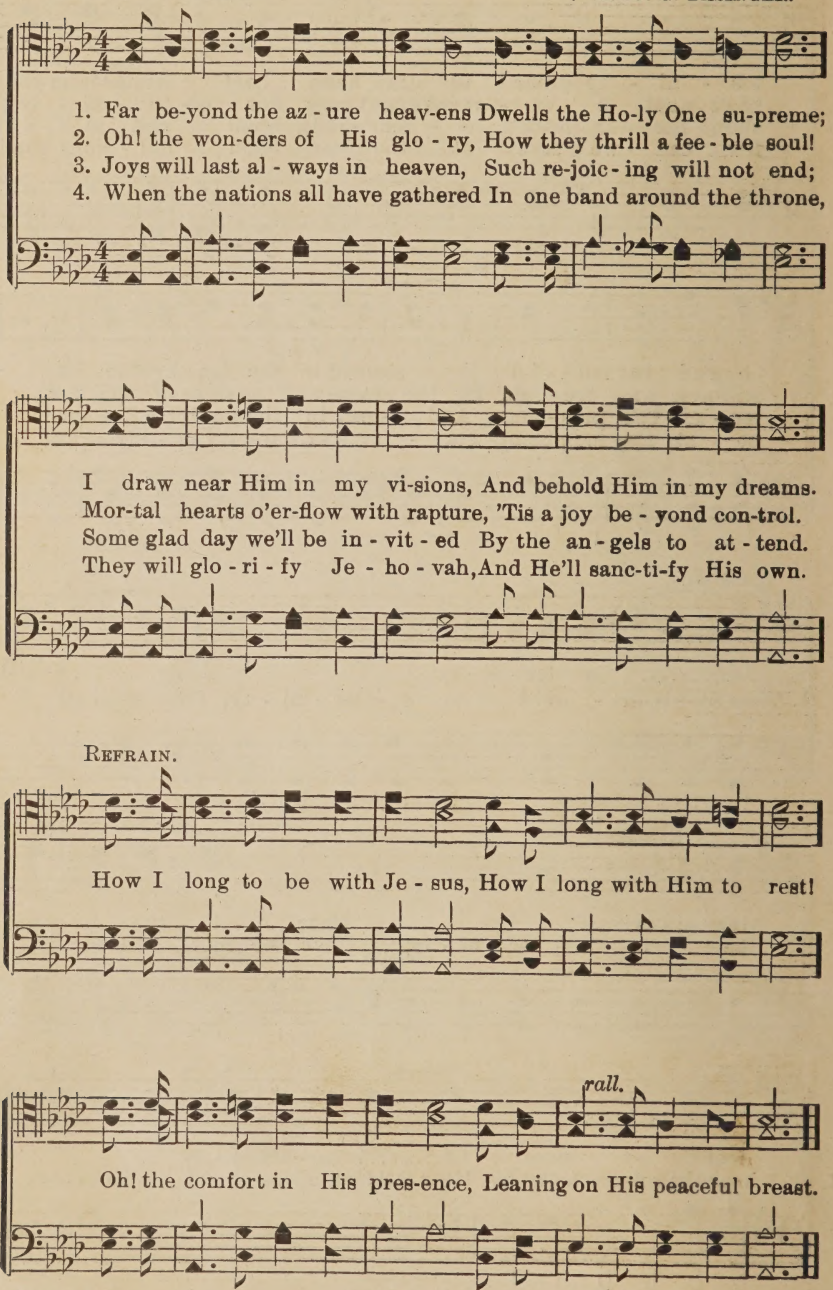

1. I stood at the time-beat-en por-tals, Where
2. I lin-gered, and si-lent-ly lis-tened To the
3. I saw then the Judge in His splen-dor, As He
4. Let us work while 'tis day, broth-er, sis-ter, For
ma-ny a pil-grim had passed Out in-to the
dull, heav-y tread of the years, And tho't of the
stepped to His great judg-ment-seat, And tho't of the
soon shall the Mas-ter re-turn To gar-ner the
in-fi-nite fu-ture, To be with the pure and the blest.
fate of the guilt-y, When Christ in His glo-ry ap-pears.
crash-ing of a-ges, When time and e-ter-ni-ty meet.
wheat that we har-vest, The chaff in His fu-ry to burn.
And, mus-ing in si-lent de-vo-tion, E-
A shud-der came o-ver my spir-it, As I
For time, who has laid ma-ny mil-lions To
Then in haste let us rush to the res-cue, But

ETERNITY. Concluded.

ter - ni - ty seemed to draw near, And strains from the
tho't what a mo - ment might cost; For e - ter - ni - ty's
slum - ber in death's si - lent shade, Shall reel at e -
few can we save at the most: Soon mil - lions shall
choir of the faith - ful I seemed in my fan - cy to hear.
still-ness was bro - ken By the groans and the sighs of the lost.
ter - ni - ty's pres - ence, And sleep in the tomb He has made.
be at the judg-ment, For - ev - er, e - ter - nal - ly lost.
Chorus.
Oh,..... e - ter - ni - ty! Long..... e -
Time speeds on - ward to e - ter - ni - ty, Soon we'll all
ter - ni - ty! Hear..... the sol - emn
be in e - ter - ni - ty; Hear the foot - steps,
foot - steps Of..... e - ter-ni - ty.
hear the solemn footsteps, Hear the foot - steps of e - ter - ni-ty.

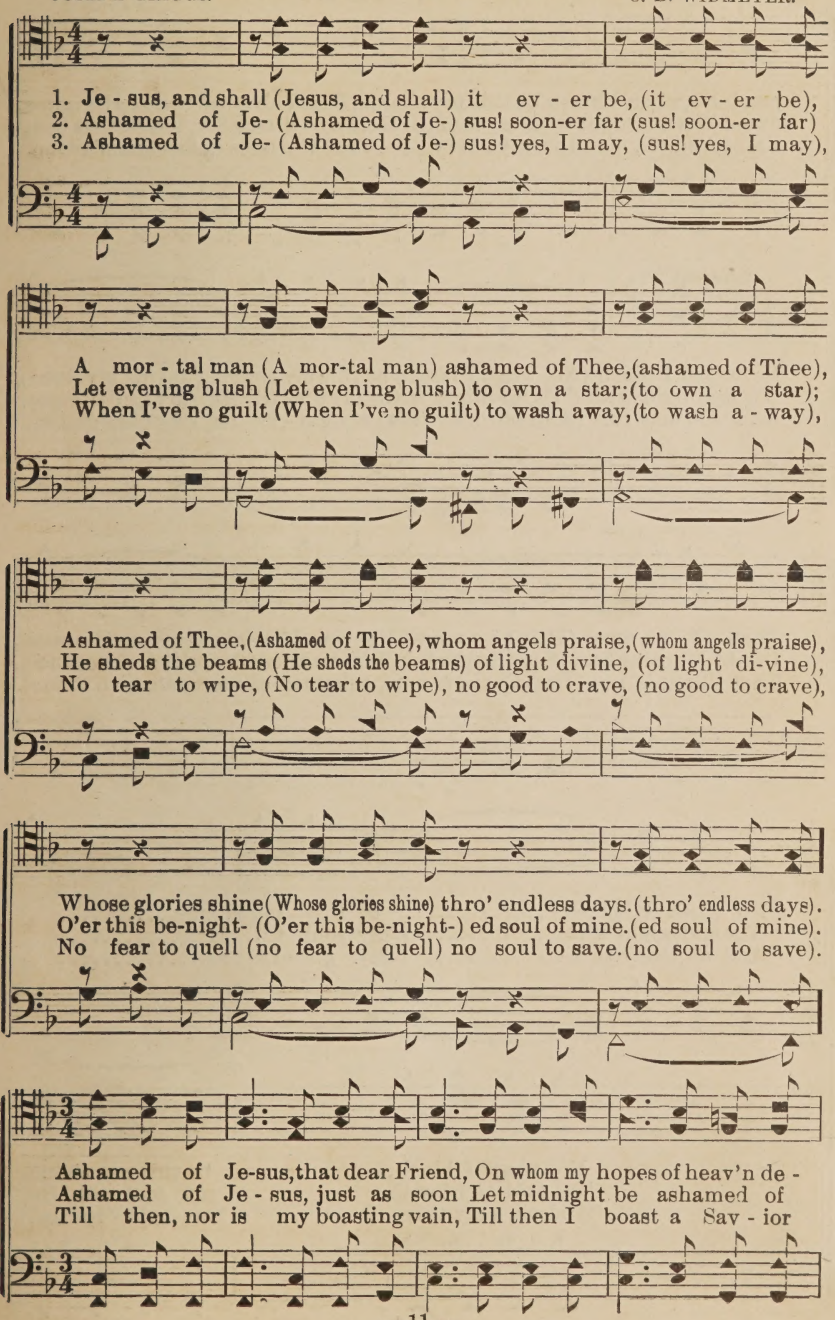
No. 7. I LONG TO BE WITH JESUS.

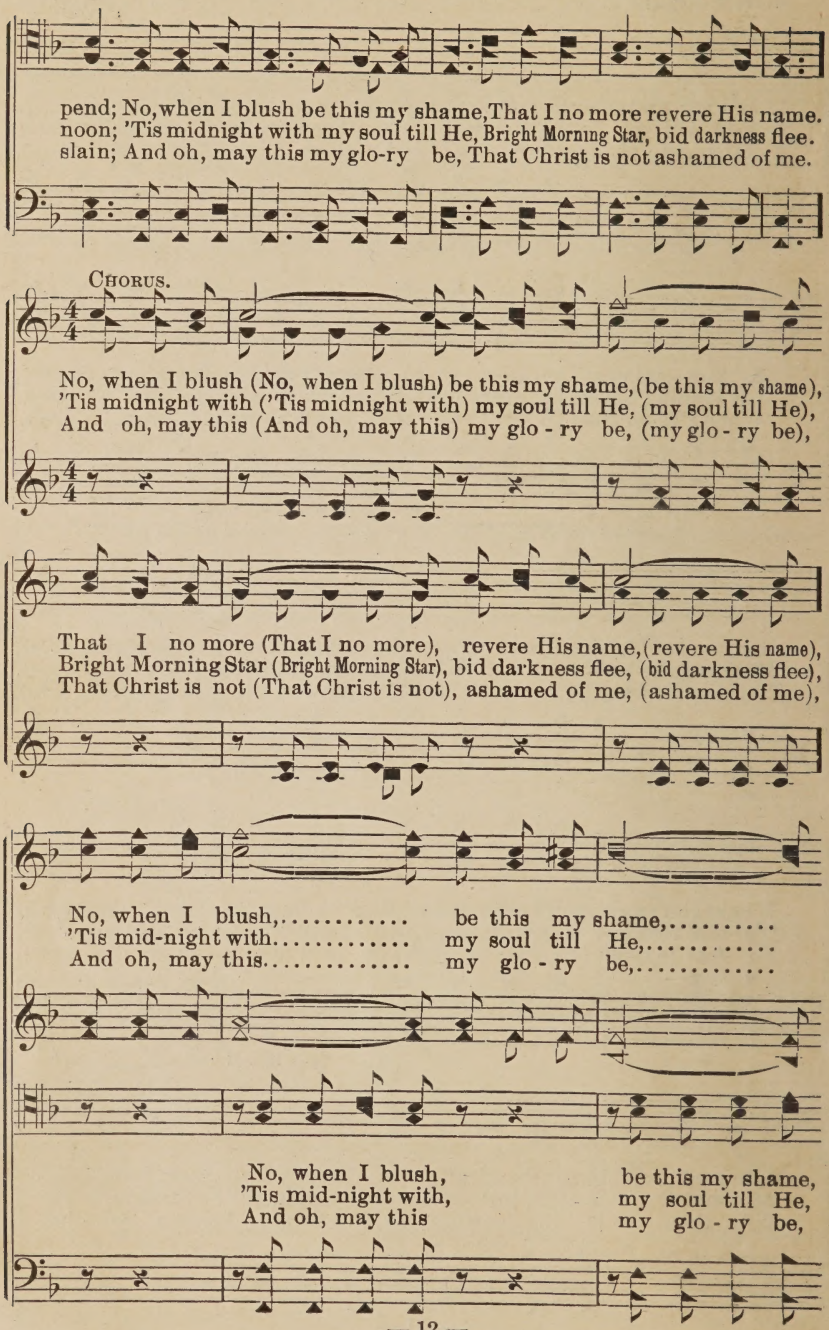
THOS. R. SWEATMON. ROBT. G. BASINGER.


1. Far be-yond the az - ure heav-ens Dwells the Ho-ly One su-preme;
2. Oh! the won-ders of His glo - ry, How they thrill a fee - ble soul!
3. Joys will last al - ways in heaven, Such re-joic - ing will not end;
4. When the nations all have gathered In one band around the throne,
I draw near Him in my vi-sions, And behold Him in my dreams.
Mor-tal hearts o'er-flow with rapture, 'Tis a joy be - yond con-trol.
Some glad day we'll be in - vit - ed By the an - gels to at - tend.
They will glo - ri - fy Je - ho - vah, And He'll sanc-ti-fy His own.
REFRAIN.
How I long to be with Je - sus, How I long with Him to rest!
rall.
Oh! the comfort in His pres-ence, Leaning on His peaceful breast.

No. 8. ASHAMED OF JESUS.

JOSEPH GRIGGS. C. B. WIDMEYER.


1. Je - sus, and shall (Jesus, and shall) it ev - er be, (it ev - er be),
2. Ashamed of Je- (Ashamed of Je-) sus! soon-er far (sus! soon-er far)
3. Ashamed of Je- (Ashamed of Je-) sus! yes, I may, (sus! yes, I may),
A mor - tal man (A mor-tal man) ashamed of Thee,(ashamed of Thee),
Let evening blush (Let evening blush) to own a star;(to own a star);
When I've no guilt (When I've no guilt) to wash away,(to wash a - way),
Ashamed of Thee,(Ashamed of Thee), whom angels praise,(whom angels praise),
He sheds the beams (He sheds the beams) of light divine, (of light di-vine),
No tear to wipe, (No tear to wipe), no good to crave, (no good to crave),
Whose glories shine(Whose glories shine) thro' endless days.(thro' endless days).
O'er this be-night- (O'er this be-night-) ed soul of mine.(ed soul of mine).
No fear to quell (no fear to quell) no soul to save.(no soul to save).
Ashamed of Je-sus,that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de -
Ashamed of Je - sus, just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of
Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then I boast a Sav - ior

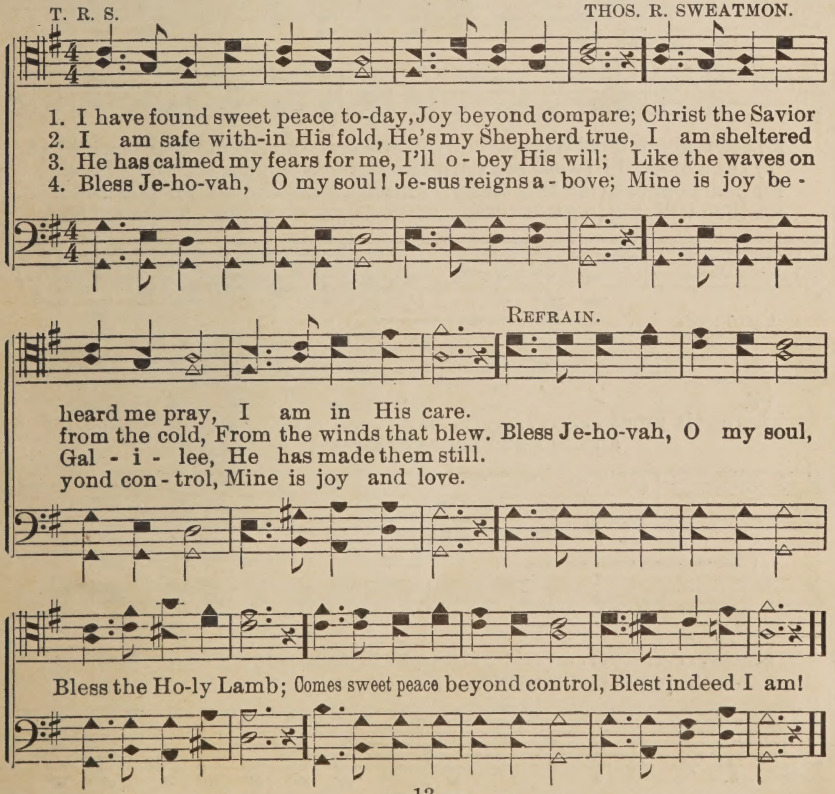

pend; No, when I blush be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.
noon; 'Tis midnight with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
slain; And oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.
Chorus.
No, when I blush (No, when I blush) be this my shame, (be this my shame),
'Tis midnight with ('Tis midnight with) my soul till He, (my soul till He),
And oh, may this (And oh, may this) my glo - ry be, (my glo - ry be),
That I no more (That I no more), revere His name, (revere His name),
Bright Morning Star (Bright Morning Star), bid darkness flee, (bid darkness flee),
That Christ is not (That Christ is not), ashamed of me, (ashamed of me),
No, when I blush,..... be this my shame,.....
'Tis mid-night with..... my soul till He,.....
And oh, may this..... my glo - ry be,.....
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
'Tis mid-night with, my soul till He,
And oh, may this my glo - ry be,

ASHAMED OF JESUS. Concluded.

That I no more..... re - vere His name,.....
Bright Morning Star..... bid dark-ness flee,.....
That Christ is not..... ashamed of me,.....
That I no more re - vere His name.
Bright Morning Star bid dark-ness flee.
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

No. 9. BLESS JEHOVAH, O MY SOUL.

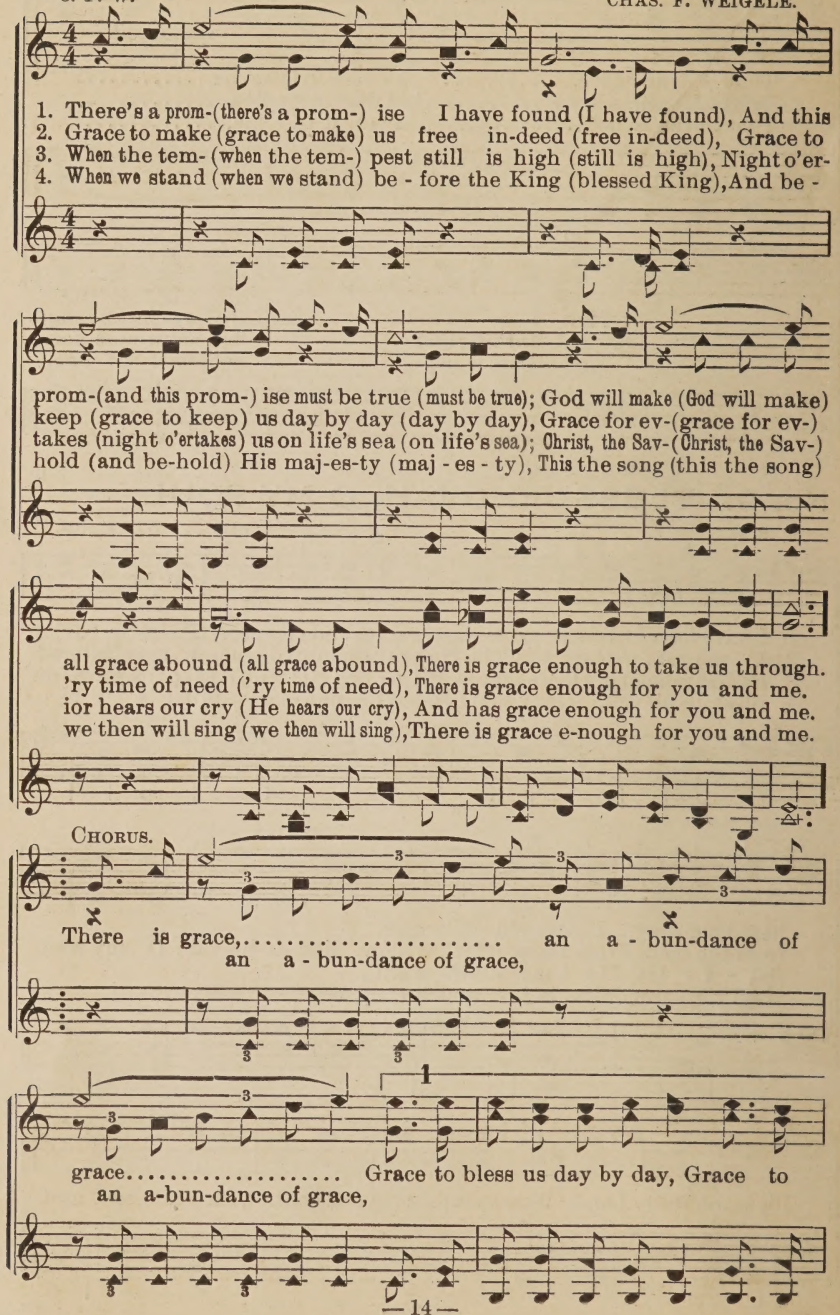
T. R. S. THOS. R. SWEATMON.

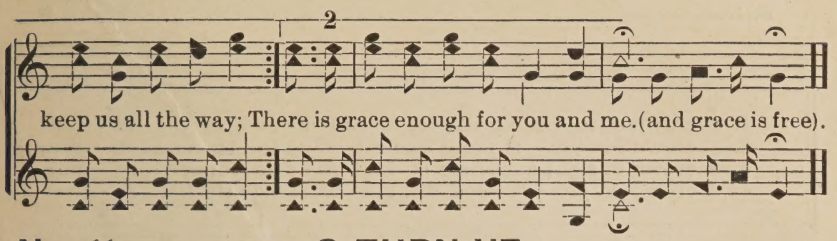

1. I have found sweet peace to-day, Joy beyond compare; Christ the Savior
2. I am safe with-in His fold, He's my Shepherd true, I am sheltered
3. He has calmed my fears for me, I'll o - bey His will; Like the waves on
4. Bless Je-ho-vah, O my soul! Je-sus reigns a - bove; Mine is joy be -
REFRAIN.
heard me pray, I am in His care.
from the cold, From the winds that blew. Bless Je-ho-vah, O my soul,
Gal - i - lee, He has made them still.
yond con - trol, Mine is joy and love.
Bless the Ho-ly Lamb; Comes sweet peace beyond control, Blest indeed I am!

No. 10. ABUNDANCE OF GRACE.

Dedicated to Nazarine University, Pasadena, Cal.

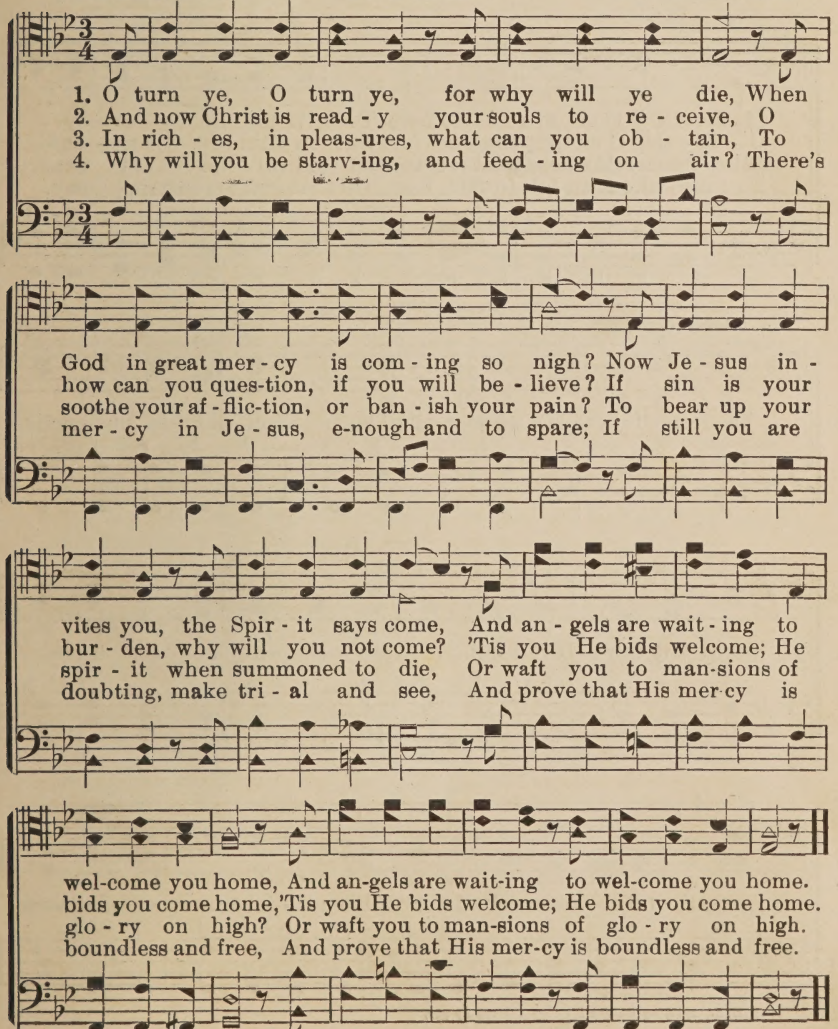
C. F. W. CHAS. F. WEIGELE.


1. There's a prom-(there's a prom-) ise I have found (I have found), And this
2. Grace to make (grace to make) us free in-deed (free in-deed), Grace to
3. When the tem-(when the tem-) pest still is high (still is high), Night o'er-
4. When we stand (when we stand) be - fore the King (blessed King), And be -
prom-(and this prom-) ise must be true (must be true); God will make (God will make)
keep (grace to keep) us day by day (day by day), Grace for ev-(grace for ev-)
takes (night o'ertakes) us on life's sea (on life's sea); Christ, the Sav-(Christ, the Sav-)
hold (and be-hold) His maj-es-ty (maj - es - ty), This the song (this the song)
all grace abound (all grace abound), There is grace enough to take us through.
'ry time of need ('ry time of need), There is grace enough for you and me.
ior hears our cry (He hears our cry), And has grace enough for you and me.
we then will sing (we then will sing), There is grace e-nough for you and me.
Chorus.
There is grace,..... an a - bun-dance of
an a - bun-dance of grace,
1
grace..... Grace to bless us day by day, Grace to
an a-bun-dance of grace,



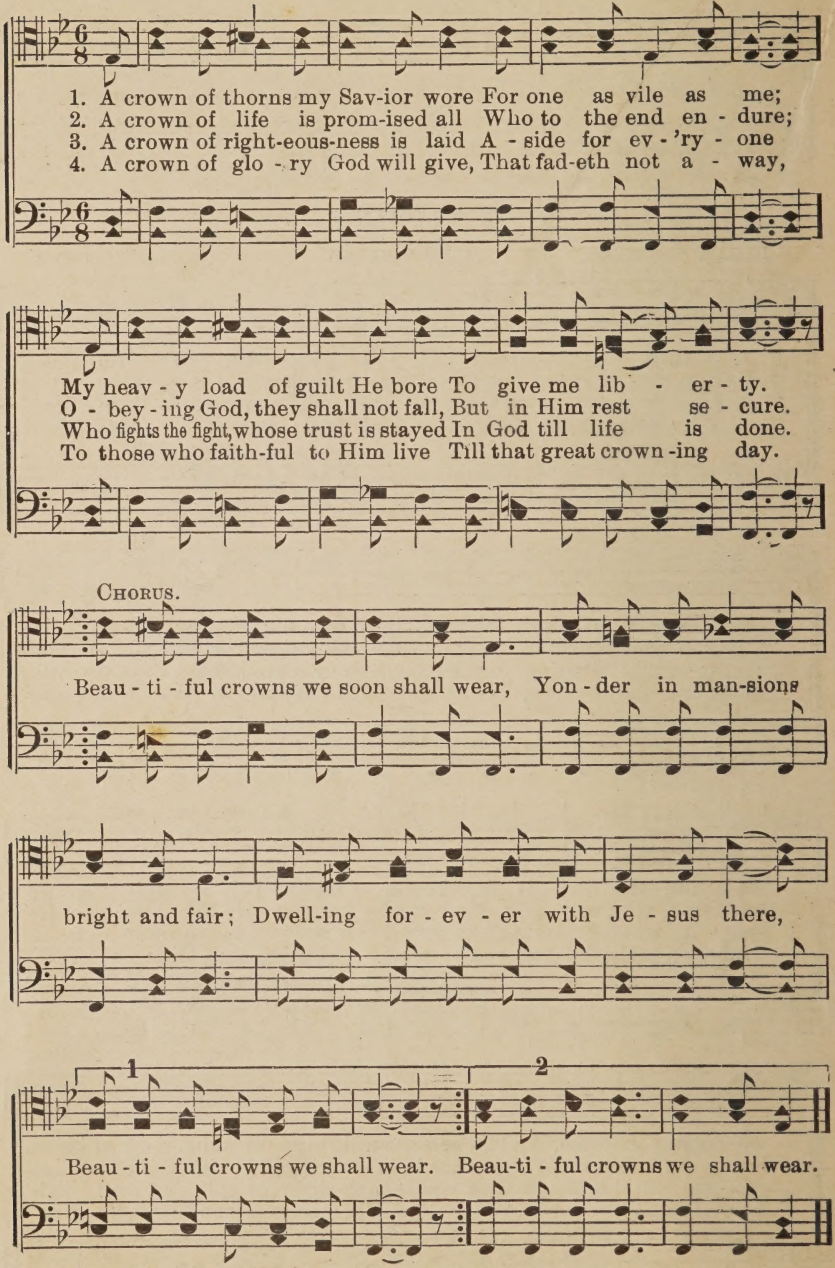
No. 11. O TURN YE.

JOSIAH HOPKINS. (MALE VOICES.) Arr. from KOSCHAT.


1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says come, And an - gels are wait - ing to wel-come you home.
2. And now Christ is read - y your souls to re - ceive, O how can you ques-tion, if you will be - lieve? If sin is your bur - den, why will you not come? 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
3. In rich - es, in pleas-ures, what can you ob - tain, To soothe your af - flic-tion, or ban - ish your pain? To bear up your spir - it when summoned to die, Or waft you to man-sions of glo - ry on high?
4. Why will you be starv-ing, and feed - ing on air? There's mer - cy in Je - sus, e-nough and to spare; If still you are doubting, make tri - al and see, And prove that His mer-cy is boundless and free.

No. 12. BEAUTIFUL CROWNS.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS. Arr. by C. B. W.


1. A crown of thorns my Sav-ior wore For one as vile as me;
2. A crown of life is prom-ised all Who to the end en - dure;
3. A crown of right-eous-ness is laid A - side for ev - 'ry - one
4. A crown of glo - ry God will give, That fad-eth not a - way,
My heav - y load of guilt He bore To give me lib - er - ty.
O - bey - ing God, they shall not fall, But in Him rest se - cure.
Who fights the fight, whose trust is stayed In God till life is done.
To those who faith-ful to Him live Till that great crown-ing day.
CHORUS.
Beau - ti - ful crowns we soon shall wear, Yon - der in man-sions
bright and fair; Dwell-ing for - ev - er with Je - sus there,
1
2
Beau - ti - ful crowns we shall wear. Beau-ti - ful crowns we shall wear.

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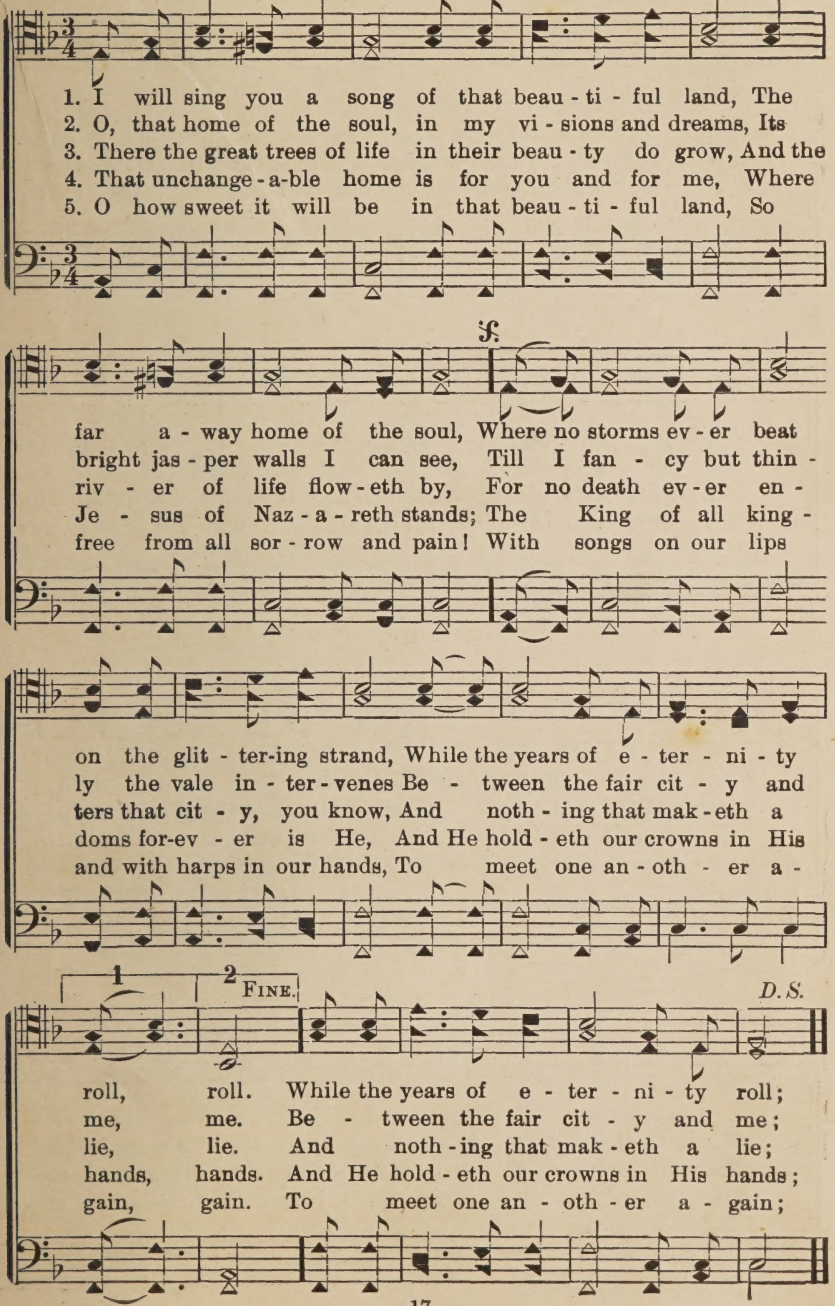
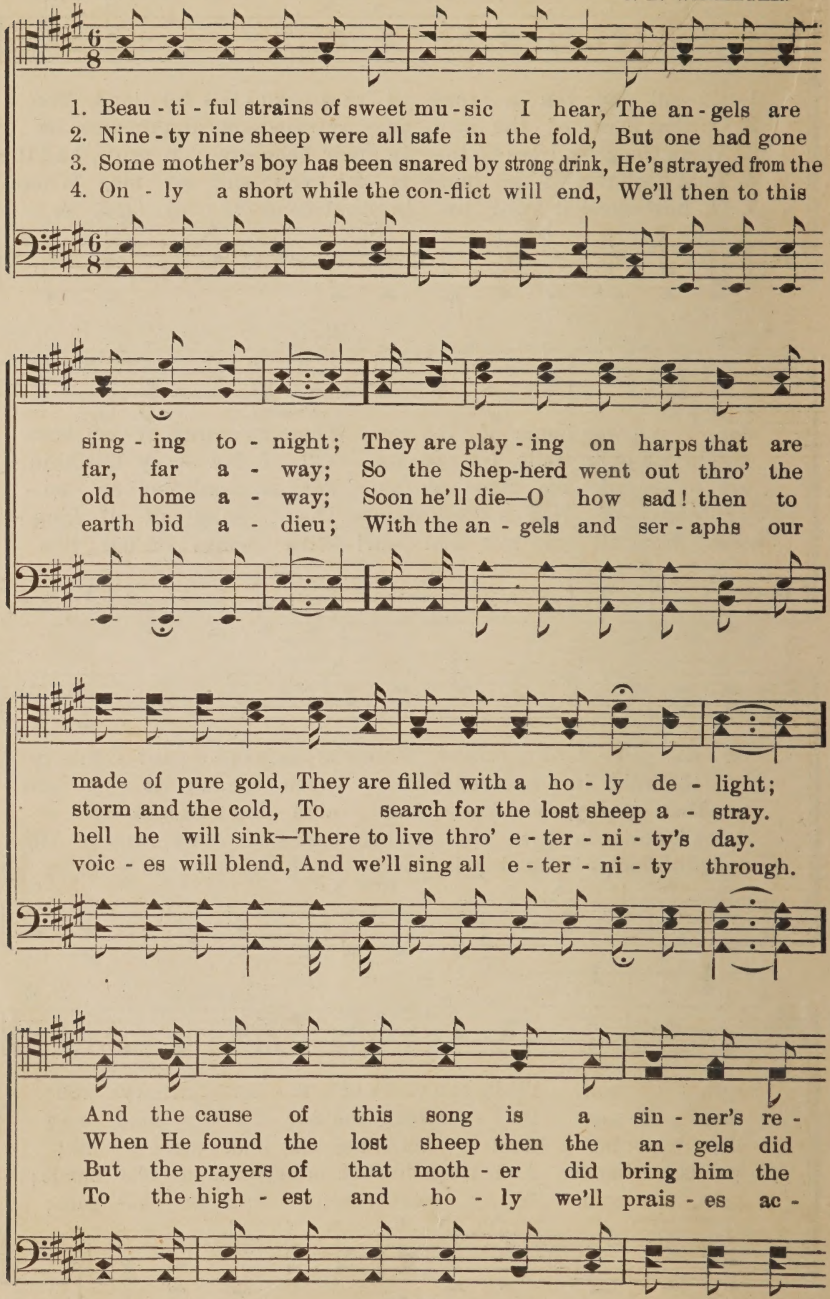
No. 13. HOME OF THE SOUL.

Moderato and affetuoso. PHILIP PHILIPPS. Arr. by C. B. WIDMEYER.

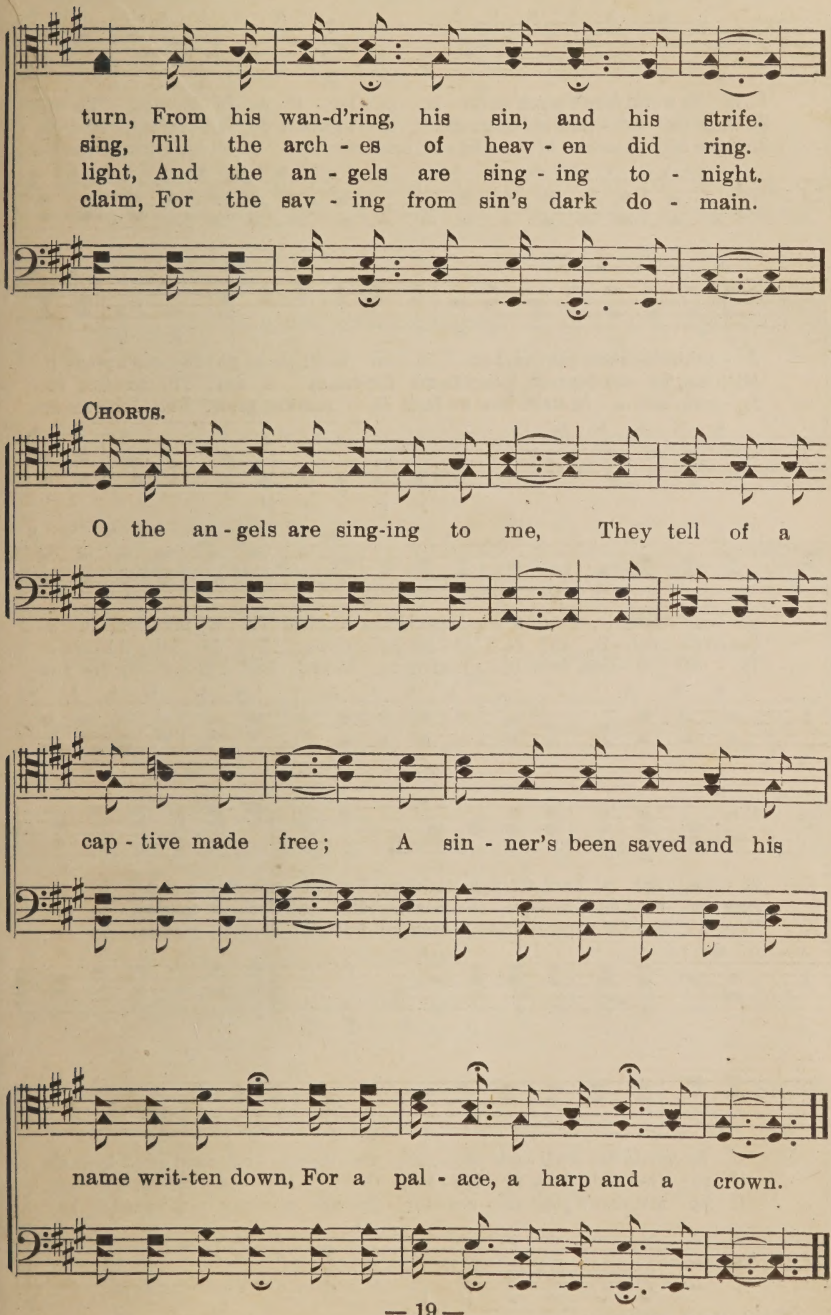

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The
2. O, that home of the soul, in my vi - sions and dreams, Its
3. There the great trees of life in their beau - ty do grow, And the
4. That unchange - a-ble home is for you and for me, Where
5. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So
far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat
bright jas - per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin -
riv - er of life flow - eth by, For no death ev - er en -
Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all king -
free from all sor - row and pain! With songs on our lips
on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
ly the vale in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
ters that cit - y, you know, And noth - ing that mak - eth a
doms for-ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His
and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a -
1
2
FINE.
D. S.
roll, roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll;
me, me. Be - tween the fair cit - y and me;
lie, lie. And noth - ing that mak - eth a lie;
hands, hands. And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands;
gain, gain. To meet one an - oth - er a - gain;

No. 14. THE ANGELS ARE SINGING.

C. B. W. C. B. WIDMEYER.


1. Beau - ti - ful strains of sweet mu - sic I hear, The an - gels are sing - ing to - night; They are play - ing on harps that are
2. Nine - ty nine sheep were all safe in the fold, But one had gone far, far a - way; So the Shep-herd went out thro' the
3. Some mother's boy has been snared by strong drink, He's strayed from the old home a - way; Soon he'll die—O how sad! then to
4. On - ly a short while the con-flict will end, We'll then to this earth bid a - dieu; With the an - gels and ser - aphs our
made of pure gold, They are filled with a ho - ly de - light;
storm and the cold, To search for the lost sheep a - stray.
hell he will sink—There to live thro' e - ter - ni - ty's day.
voic - es will blend, And we'll sing all e - ter - ni - ty through.
And the cause of this song is a sin - ner's re -
When He found the lost sheep then the an - gels did
But the prayers of that moth - er did bring him the
To the high - est and ho - ly we'll prais - es ac -

THE ANGELS ARE SINGING. Concluded.


turn, From his wan-d'ring, his sin, and his strife.
sing, Till the arch - es of heav - en did ring.
light, And the an - gels are sing - ing to - night.
claim, For the sav - ing from sin's dark do - main.
Chorus.
O the an - gels are sing-ing to me, They tell of a
cap - tive made free; A sin - ner's been saved and his
name writ-ten down, For a pal - ace, a harp and a crown.

No. 16. IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME.

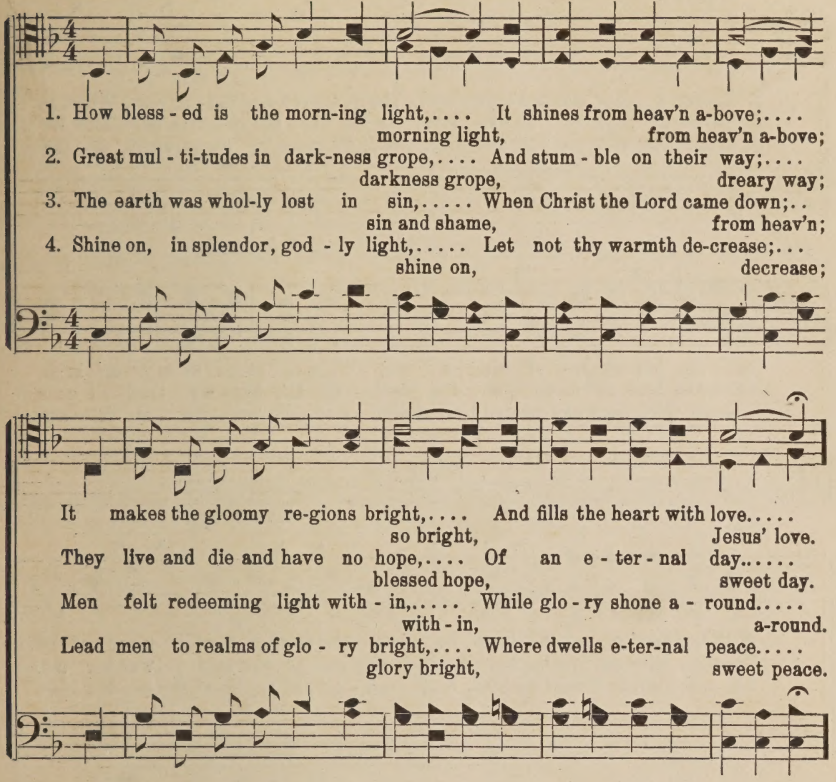
C. B. W. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. In de world dere's much be-lev - in, as ter if de Bi - ble's so, 'Tis wid
2. Once de deb - il raised de question, as to where de Mo-ses lay, And de
3. Some high 'fess-ers of re - lig - in, can't see how de Bi-ble's true, Some's a
Jo - nah folks seem puzzled, how in - to de whale he go: Dey can't stand it
Mich-ael, he con-tend-ed, 'pears to me for ma-ny a day: Till our God re -
fig - urin, and a fig-urin, how we from de monkey grew: But I bleves in
nor can't solve it, how a whale could him receive, 'Tis a prob-lem in de
buked de deb - il, and de an - gel had his way, Yet de deb - il keeps a
In - spi - ra - tion, from be - gin-ning to de end, And I'm sor - ry for dese
Bi - ble, dat is hard for dem to bleve; But it does-n't mat-ter to me,
fuss - in, bout de res - ur - rec-tion day; But it does-n't mat-ter to me,
'fess-ers, who for monkey friends contend; But it does-n't mat-ter to me,
rit.
if de whale did swal - low Jo - nah, Or if Jo - nah swallowed de whale.
if our God did bu - ry Mo - ses, Or if Mo - ses bur-ied his - self.
if de mon-key's your an - ces - tor, Ise no mon-key nor want to be.

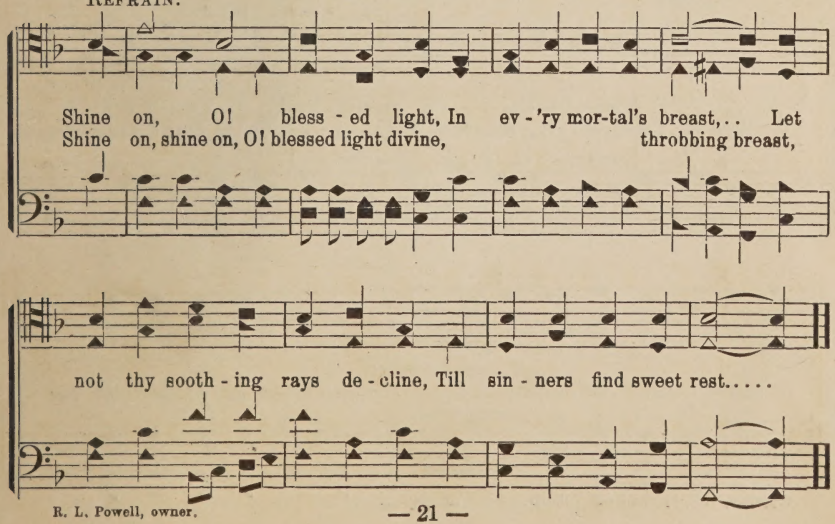
Property of C. B. Widmeyer.

No. 17. LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

THOS. R. SWEATMON. (MALE CHORUS.) R. L. POWELL.


1. How bless - ed is the morn-ing light,.... It shines from heav'n a-bove;....
morning light, from heav'n a-bove;
2. Great mul - ti-tudes in dark-ness grope,.... And stum - ble on their way;....
darkness grope, dreary way;
3. The earth was whol-ly lost in sin,..... When Christ the Lord came down;..
sin and shame, from heav'n;
4. Shine on, in splendor, god - ly light,..... Let not thy warmth de-crease;...
shine on, decrease;
It makes the gloomy re-gions bright,.... And fills the heart with love.....
so bright, Jesus' love.
They live and die and have no hope,.... Of an e - ter - nal day.....
blessed hope, sweet day.
Men felt redeeming light with - in,..... While glo - ry shone a - round.....
with - in, a-round.
Lead men to realms of glo - ry bright,.... Where dwells e-ter-nal peace.....
glory bright, sweet peace.

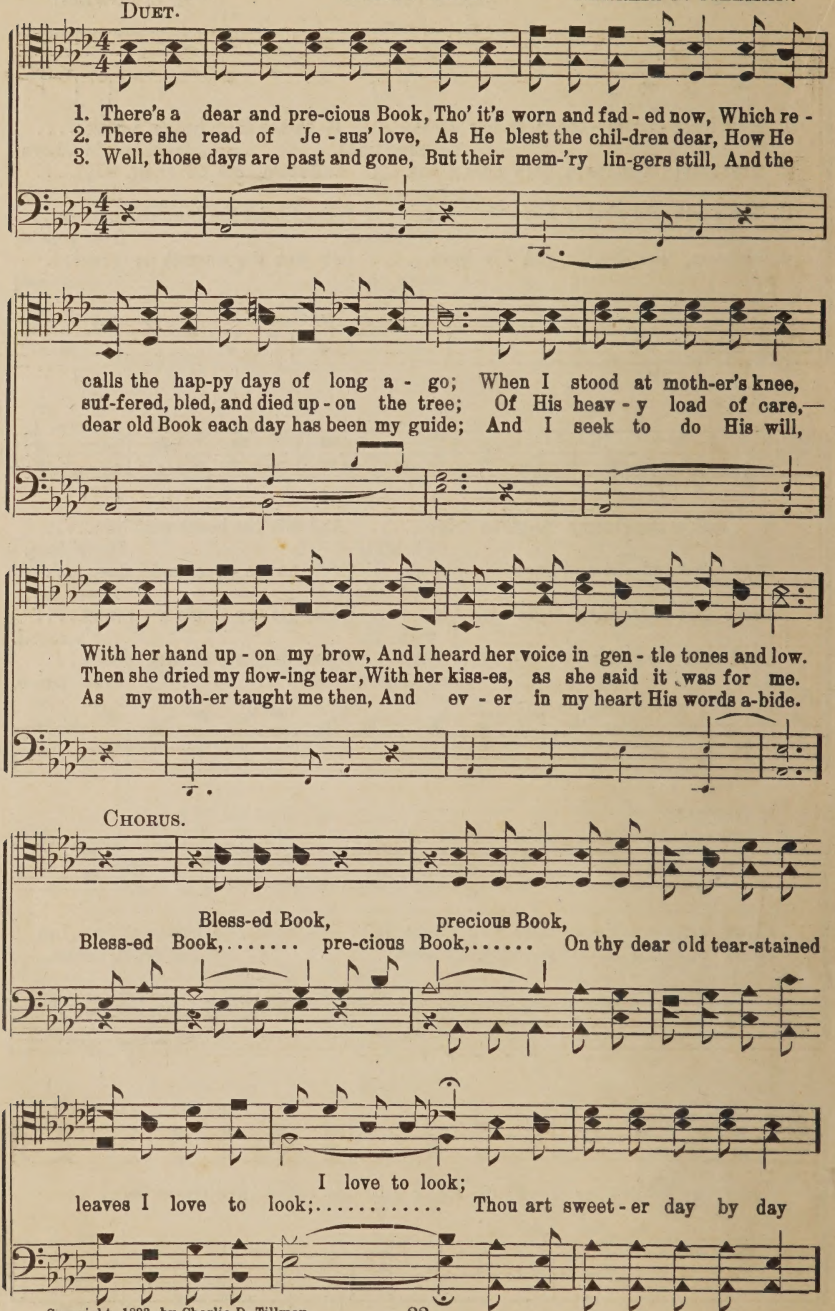
REFRAIN.


Shine on, O! bless - ed light, In ev - 'ry mor-tal's breast,.. Let
Shine on, shine on, O! blessed light divine, throbbing breast,
not thy sooth - ing rays de - cline, Till sin - ners find sweet rest.....

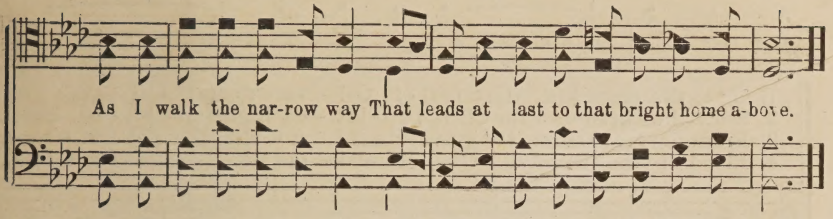
No. 18. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

M. B. WILLIAMS. MALE VOICES. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

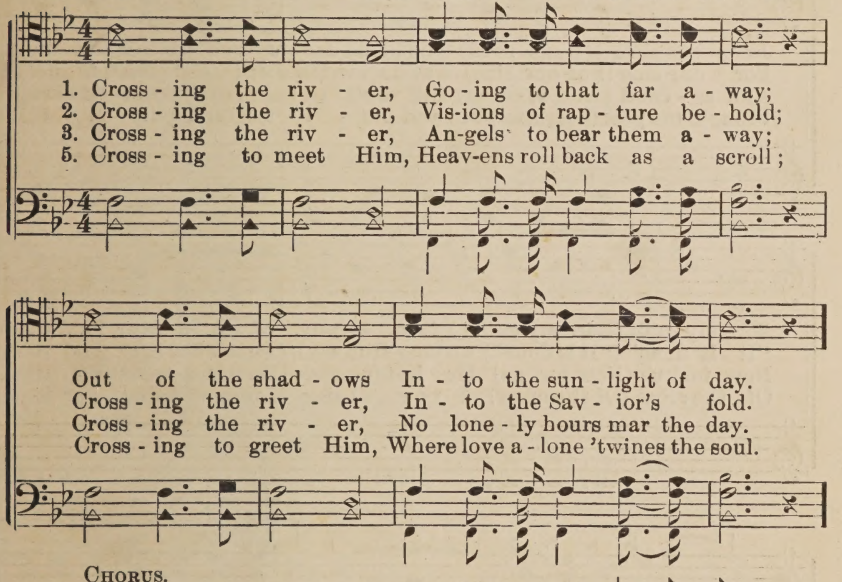

1. There's a dear and pre-cious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin-gers still, And the
calls the hap-py days of long a-go; When I stood at moth-er's knee,
suf-fered, bled, and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,—
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,
With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
Then she dried my flow-ing tear, With her kiss-es, as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed Book, precious Book,
Bless-ed Book,..... pre-cious Book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
I love to look;
leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweet-er day by day

Copyright, 1893, by Charlie D. Tillman.

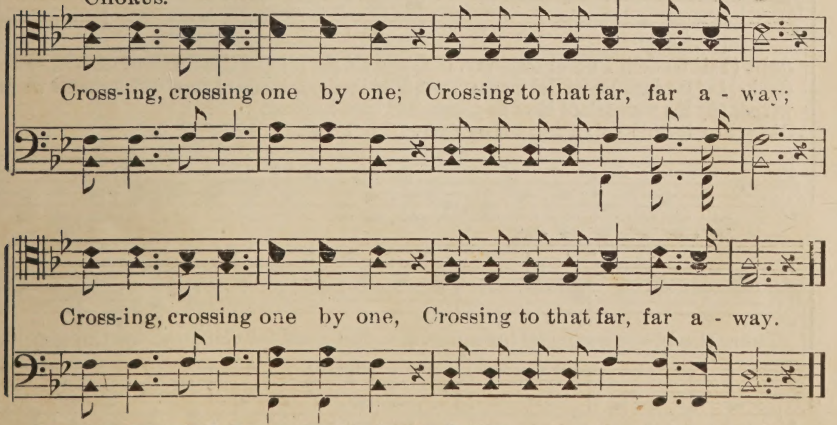


No. 19. CROSSING TO THAT FAR, FAR AWAY.

S. W. B. MALE VOICES. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.


1. Cross - ing the riv - er, Go - ing to that far a - way;
2. Cross - ing the riv - er, Vis-ions of rap - ture be - hold;
3. Cross - ing the riv - er, An-gels to bear them a - way;
5. Cross - ing to meet Him, Heav-ens roll back as a scroll;
Out of the shad - ows In - to the sun - light of day.
Cross - ing the riv - er, In - to the Sav - ior's fold.
Cross - ing the riv - er, No lone - ly hours mar the day.
Cross - ing to greet Him, Where love a - lone 'twines the soul.

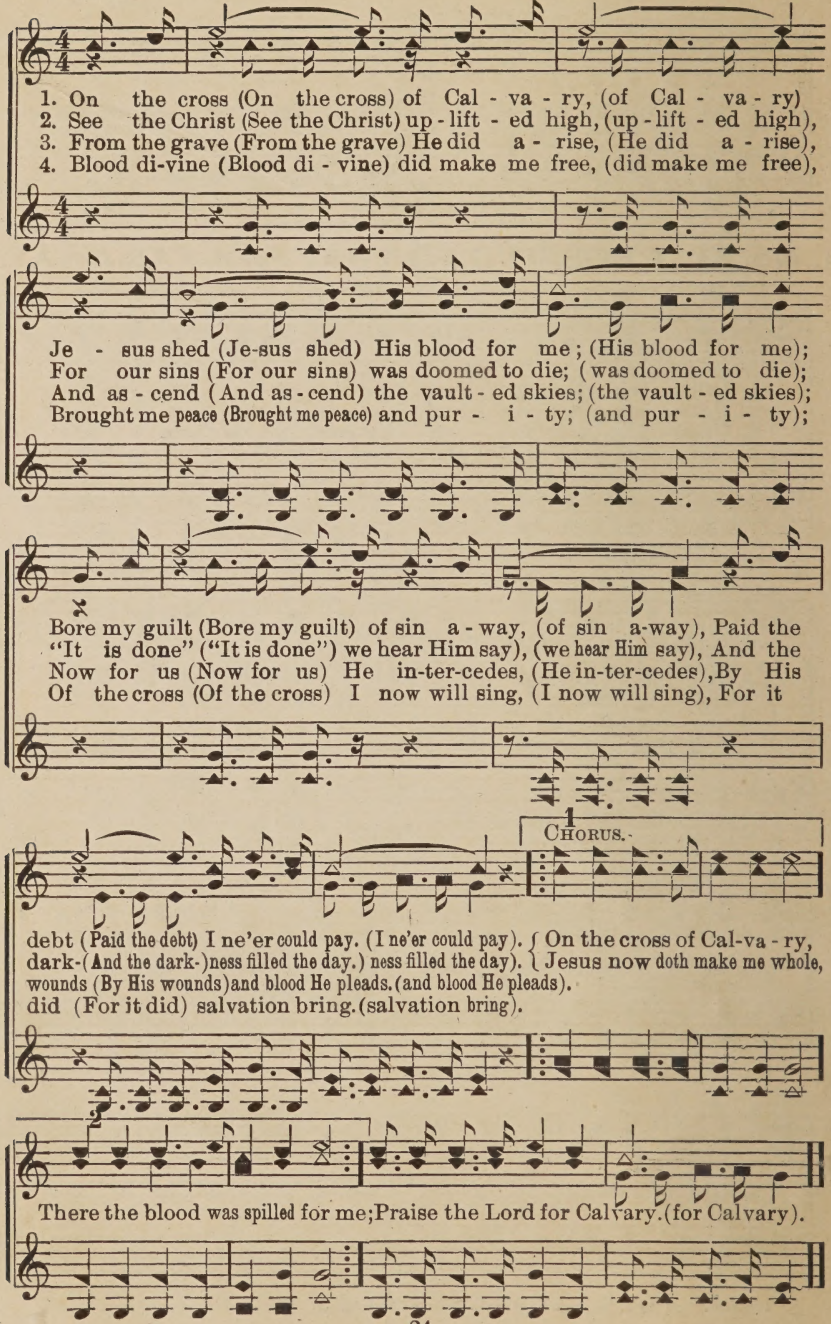
CHORUS.



Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley. Owned by James D. Vaughan.

No. 20. THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

C. B. W. C. B. WIDMEYER.

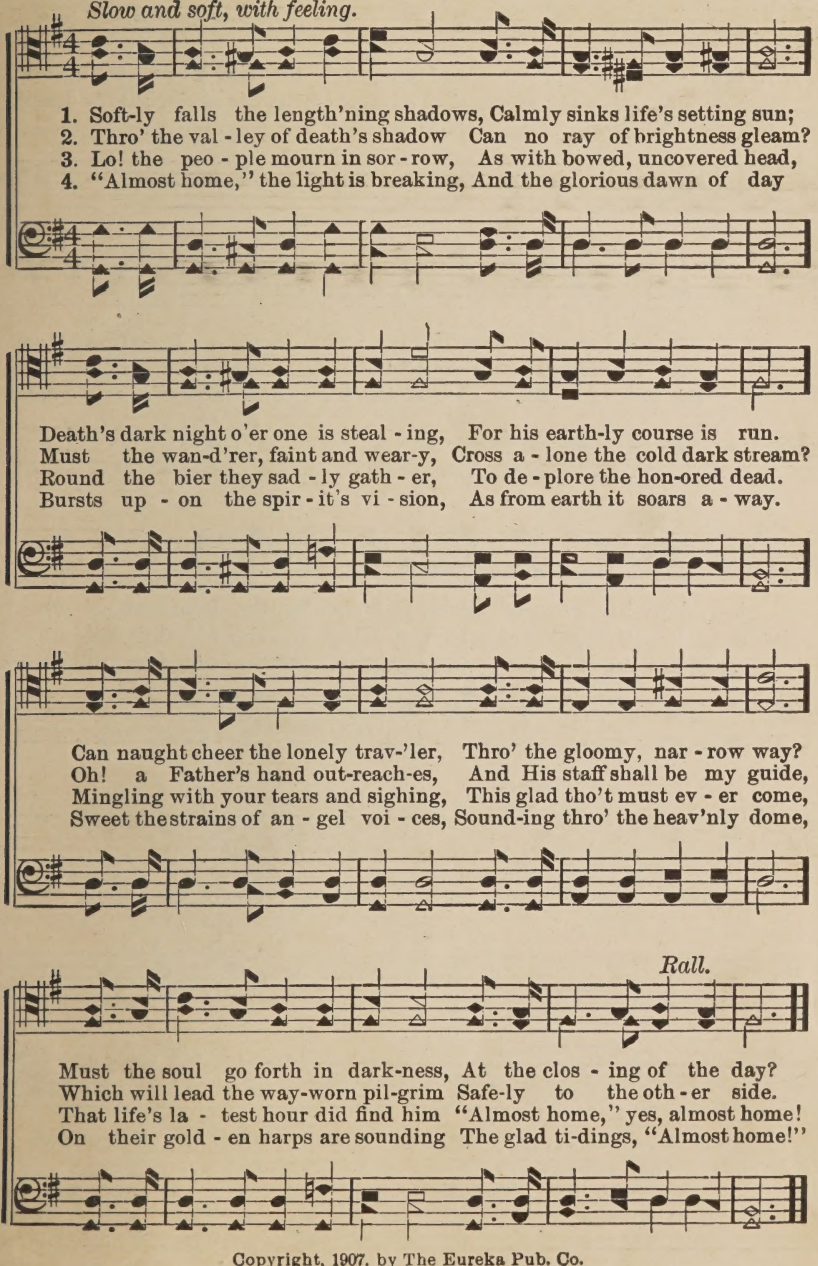

1. On the cross (On the cross) of Cal - va - ry, (of Cal - va - ry)
2. See the Christ (See the Christ) up - lift - ed high, (up - lift - ed high),
3. From the grave (From the grave) He did a - rise, (He did a - rise),
4. Blood di-vine (Blood di - vine) did make me free, (did make me free),
Je - sus shed (Je-sus shed) His blood for me; (His blood for me);
For our sins (For our sins) was doomed to die; (was doomed to die);
And as - cend (And as - cend) the vault - ed skies; (the vault - ed skies);
Brought me peace (Brought me peace) and pur - i - ty; (and pur - i - ty);
Bore my guilt (Bore my guilt) of sin a - way, (of sin a-way), Paid the
"It is done" ("It is done") we hear Him say), (we hear Him say), And the
Now for us (Now for us) He in-ter-cedes, (He in-ter-cedes), By His
Of the cross (Of the cross) I now will sing, (I now will sing), For it
1 CHORUS.
debt (Paid the debt) I ne'er could pay. (I ne'er could pay).
dark-(And the dark-)ness filled the day.) ness filled the day).
wounds (By His wounds) and blood He pleads. (and blood He pleads).
did (For it did) salvation bring. (salvation bring).
On the cross of Cal-va - ry,
Jesus now doth make me whole,
There the blood was spilled for me; Praise the Lord for Calvary. (for Calvary).

No. 21. ALMOST HOME.

(Dying words of Senator B. H. Hill of Ga.)

S. F. C. ROBT. G. BUCKELEW.

Slow and soft, with feeling.


1. Soft-ly falls the length'ning shadows, Calmly sinks life's setting sun;
2. Thro' the val - ley of death's shadow Can no ray of brightness gleam?
3. Lo! the peo - ple mourn in sor - row, As with bowed, uncovered head,
4. "Almost home," the light is breaking, And the glorious dawn of day
Death's dark night o'er one is steal - ing, For his earth-ly course is run.
Must the wan-d'rer, faint and wear-y, Cross a - lone the cold dark stream?
Round the bier they sad - ly gath - er, To de - plore the hon-ored dead.
Bursts up - on the spir - it's vi - sion, As from earth it soars a - way.
Can naught cheer the lonely trav-'ler, Thro' the gloomy, nar - row way?
Oh! a Father's hand out-reach-es, And His staff shall be my guide,
Mingling with your tears and sighing, This glad tho't must ev - er come,
Sweet the strains of an - gel voi - ces, Sound-ing thro' the heav'nly dome,
Rall.
Must the soul go forth in dark-ness, At the clos - ing of the day?
Which will lead the way-worn pil-grim Safe-ly to the oth - er side.
That life's la - test hour did find him "Almost home," yes, almost home!
On their gold - en harps are sounding The glad ti-dings, "Almost home!"

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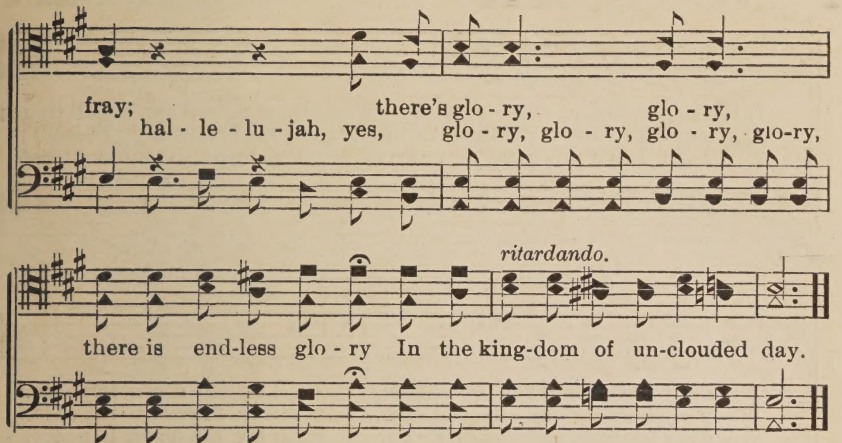
No. 22. THERE IS GLORY.

JAMES ROWE. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

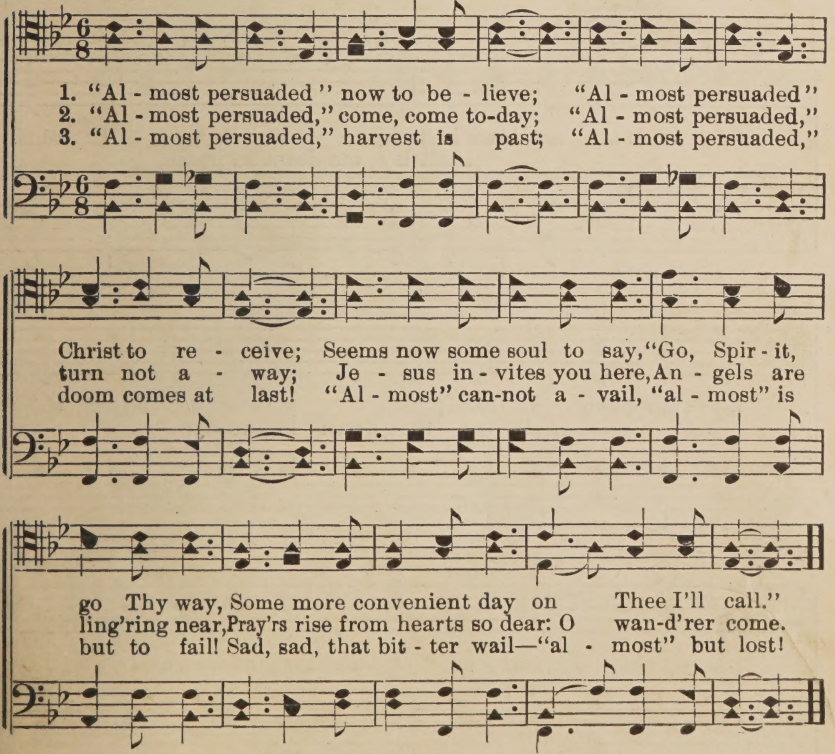
1. Trav - el on, ye sol-diers true, soon the cit - y we shall view,
2. Nev - er mind the storm that sweeps, Christ the Savior safe-ly keeps,
3. Trust His love, whate'er be-tide, near His tem - ple safe - ly hide,
For the shad-ows will have flown a - way; There is glo - ry here be-
If we feel His touch we shall not stray; Soon to - geth-er we shall
By His pow - er we shall win the fray; Crowns of glo - ry we shall
low, but 'tis great-er there, I know, In the kingdom of un -
sing in the pal - ace of the King, In the kingdom of un -
wear, hav-ing bliss be - yond compare, In the kingdom of un -
CHORUS.
cloud-ed day. There is glo - ry, ... there is
glo - ry, glo - ry,
glo - ry, ...glo - ry, For the faith - ful in this earthly
glo - ry,

THERE IS GLORY. Concluded.


fray; there's glo - ry, glo - ry,
hal - le - lu - jah, yes, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry,
ritardando.
there is end-less glo - ry In the king-dom of un-clouded day.

No. 23. ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS. Arr. by C. B. W.


1. "Al - most persuaded" now to be - lieve; "Al - most persuaded"
2. "Al - most persuaded," come, come to-day; "Al - most persuaded,"
3. "Al - most persuaded," harvest is past; "Al - most persuaded,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail, "al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more convenient day on Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan-d'rer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"al - most" but lost!

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No. 24. I SHALL LAY ME DOWN IN PEACE.

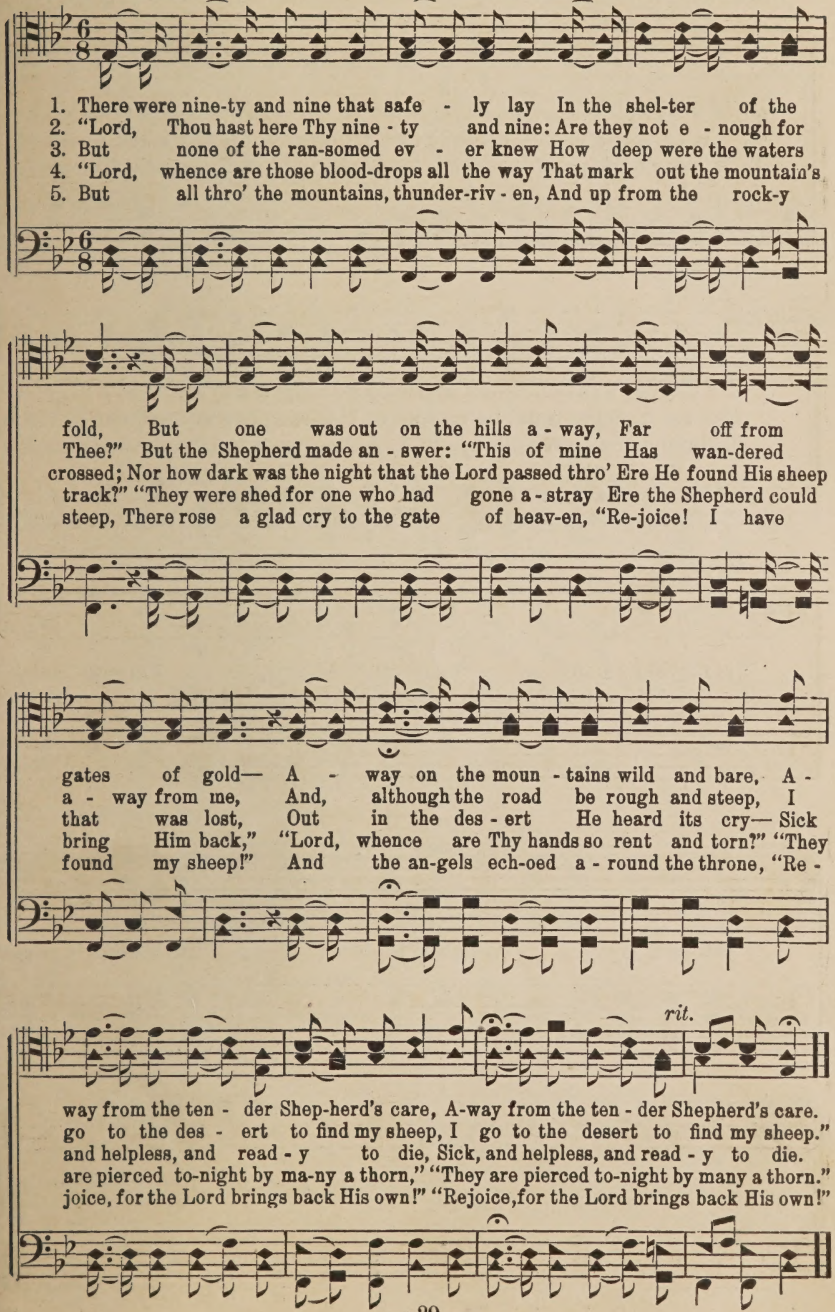
T. R. S. THOS. R. SWEATMON.

1. When this bus-y life is end-ed, When these mortal cares shall cease;
2. When the shades of death are falling, When I'm viewing my re-lease;
3. When I leave this earth for heaven, There my joys will soon in-crease;
rall.
When my life with Christ is blend-ed, I shall lay me down in peace.
When my Lord for me is call-ing, I shall lay me down in peace.
When my life from earth is riv-en, I shall lay me down in peace.
REFRAIN.
I shall lay me down in peace, I shall
shall lay me down in peace,
lay me down in peace; When this
shall lay me down in peace;
rall.
pp
bus-y life is end-ed, I shall lay me down in peace!

Property of Thos. R. Sweatmon, 1914.

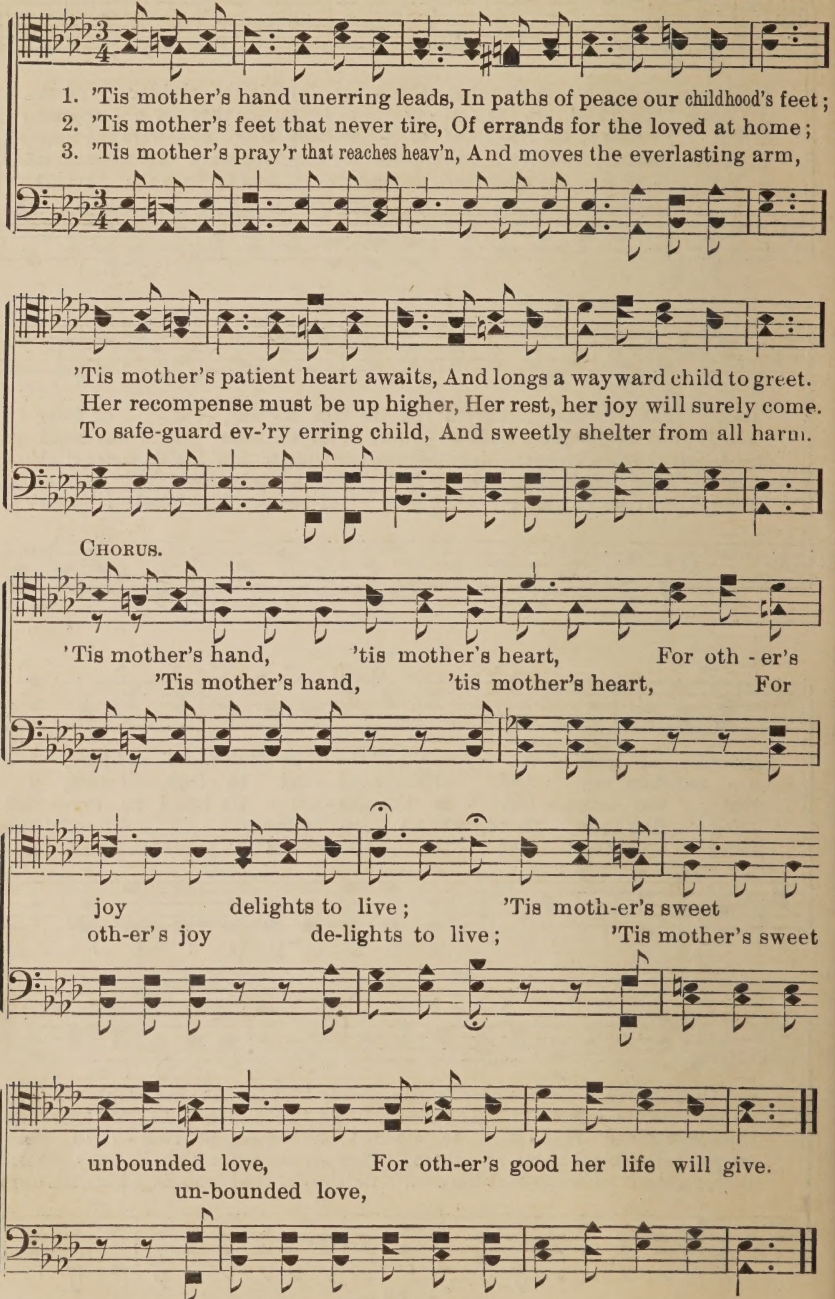
No. 25. THE NINETY AND NINE.

E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY. Arr. by C. B. W.


1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel-ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine: Are they not e - nough for
3. But none of the ran-somed ev - er knew How deep were the waters
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv - en, And up from the rock-y
fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from
Thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer: "This of mine Has wan-dered
crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep
track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could
steep, There rose a glad cry to the gate of heav-en, "Re-joice! I have
gates of gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A -
a - way from me, And, although the road be rough and steep, I
that was lost, Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick
bring Him back," "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They
found my sheep!" And the an-gels ech-oed a - round the throne, "Re -
rit.
way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
go to the des - ert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
and helpless, and read - y to die, Sick, and helpless, and read - y to die.
are pierced to-night by ma-ny a thorn," "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
joice, for the Lord brings back His own!" "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 26. 'TIS MOTHER'S HAND.

REV. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.


1. 'Tis mother's hand unerring leads, In paths of peace our childhood's feet;
2. 'Tis mother's feet that never tire, Of errands for the loved at home;
3. 'Tis mother's pray'r that reaches heav'n, And moves the everlasting arm,
'Tis mother's patient heart awaits, And longs a wayward child to greet.
Her recompense must be up higher, Her rest, her joy will surely come.
To safe-guard ev-'ry erring child, And sweetly shelter from all harm.
CHORUS.
'Tis mother's hand, 'tis mother's heart, For oth - er's
'Tis mother's hand, 'tis mother's heart, For
joy delights to live; 'Tis moth-er's sweet
oth-er's joy de-lights to live; 'Tis mother's sweet
unbounded love, For oth-er's good her life will give.
un-bounded love,

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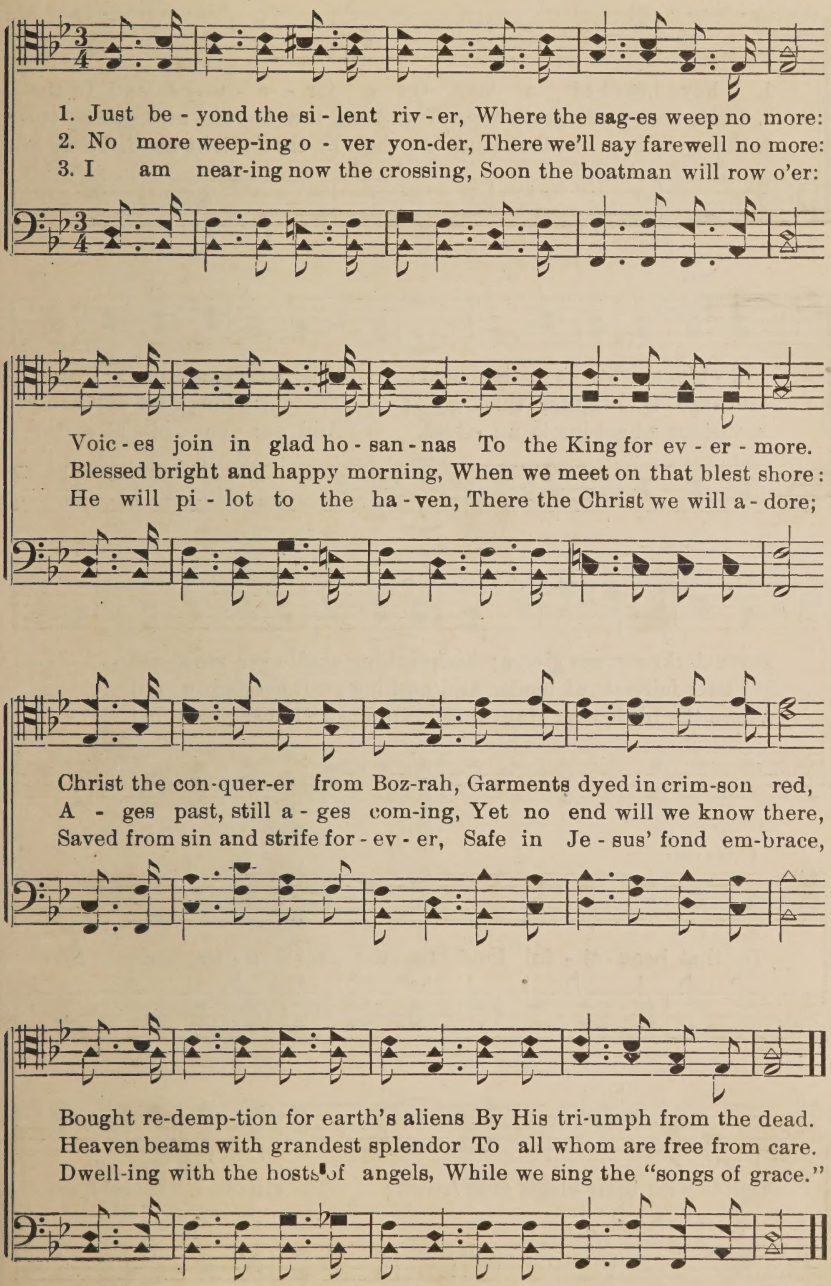
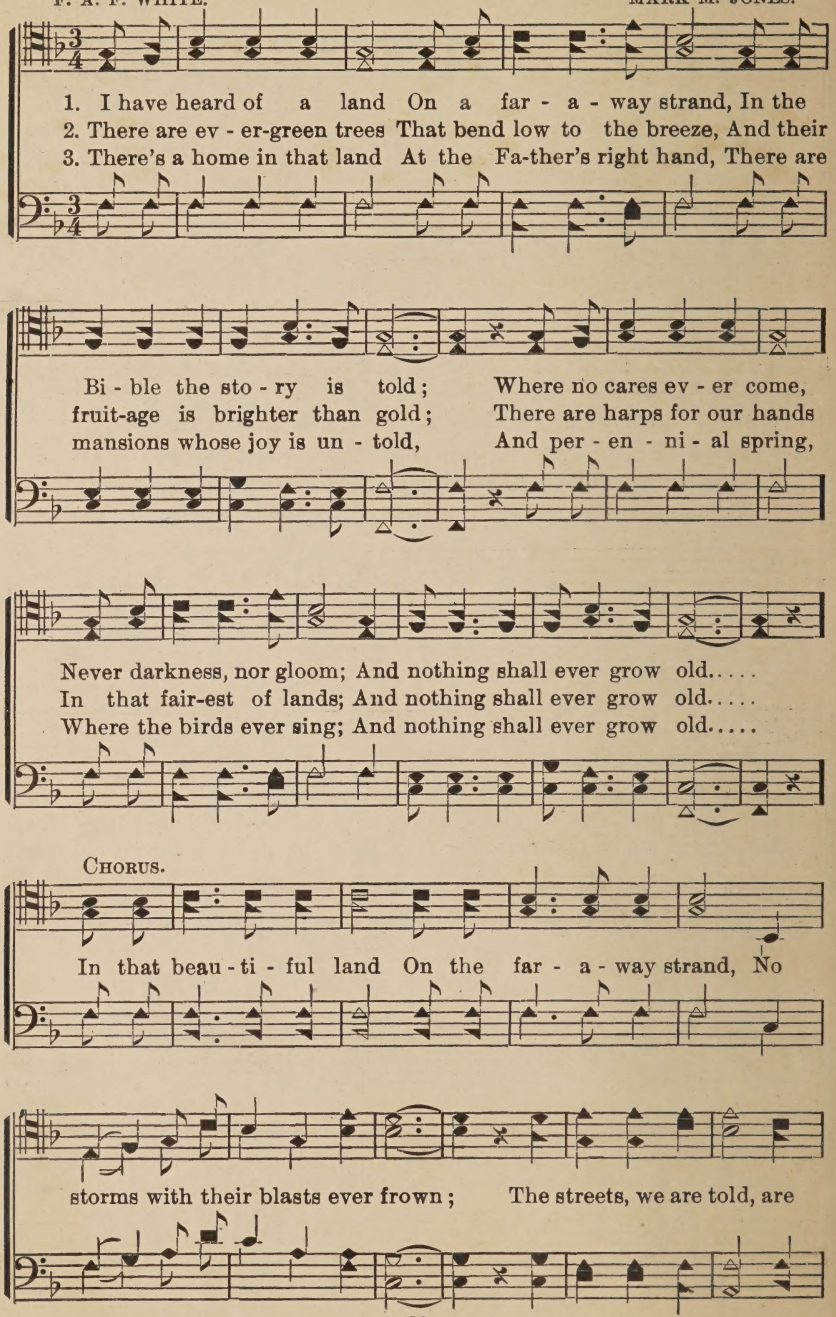
No. 27. JUST BEYOND.

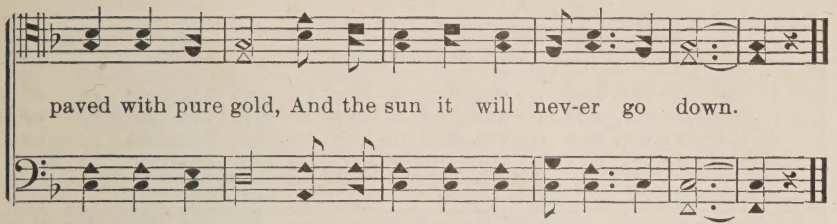
C. B. WIDMEYER. C. B. WIDMEYER.


1. Just be - yond the si - lent riv - er, Where the sag-es weep no more:
2. No more weep-ing o - ver yon-der, There we'll say farewell no more:
3. I am near-ing now the crossing, Soon the boatman will row o'er:
Voic - es join in glad ho - san - nas To the King for ev - er - more.
Blessed bright and happy morning, When we meet on that blest shore:
He will pi - lot to the ha - ven, There the Christ we will a - dore;
Christ the con-quer-er from Boz-rah, Garments dyed in crim-son red,
A - ges past, still a - ges com-ing, Yet no end will we know there,
Saved from sin and strife for - ev - er, Safe in Je - sus' fond em-brace,
Bought re-demp-tion for earth's aliens By His tri-umph from the dead.
Heaven beams with grandest splendor To all whom are free from care.
Dwell-ing with the hosts of angels, While we sing the "songs of grace."

No. 28. THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

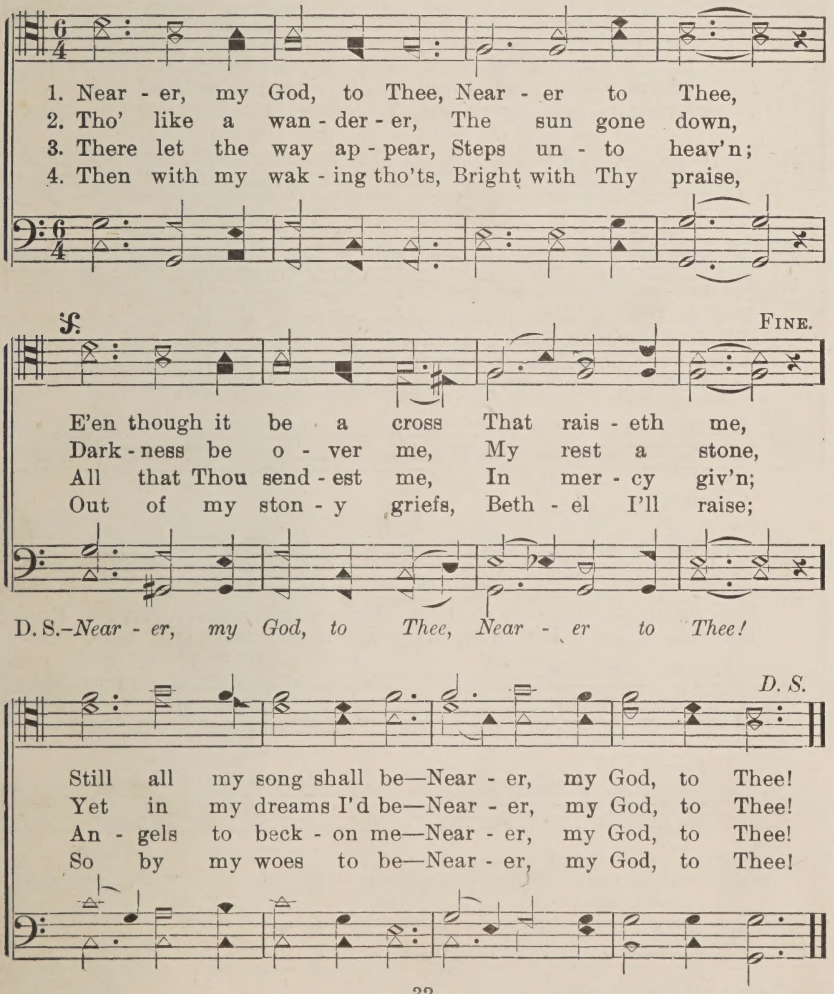
F. A. F. WHITE. MARK M. JONES.


1. I have heard of a land On a far - a - way strand, In the
2. There are ev - er-green trees That bend low to the breeze, And their
3. There's a home in that land At the Fa-ther's right hand, There are
Bi - ble the sto - ry is told; Where no cares ev - er come,
fruit-age is brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands
mansions whose joy is un - told, And per - en - ni - al spring,
Never darkness, nor gloom; And nothing shall ever grow old.....
In that fair-est of lands; And nothing shall ever grow old.....
Where the birds ever sing; And nothing shall ever grow old.....
CHORUS.
In that beau - ti - ful land On the far - a - way strand, No
storms with their blasts ever frown; The streets, we are told, are



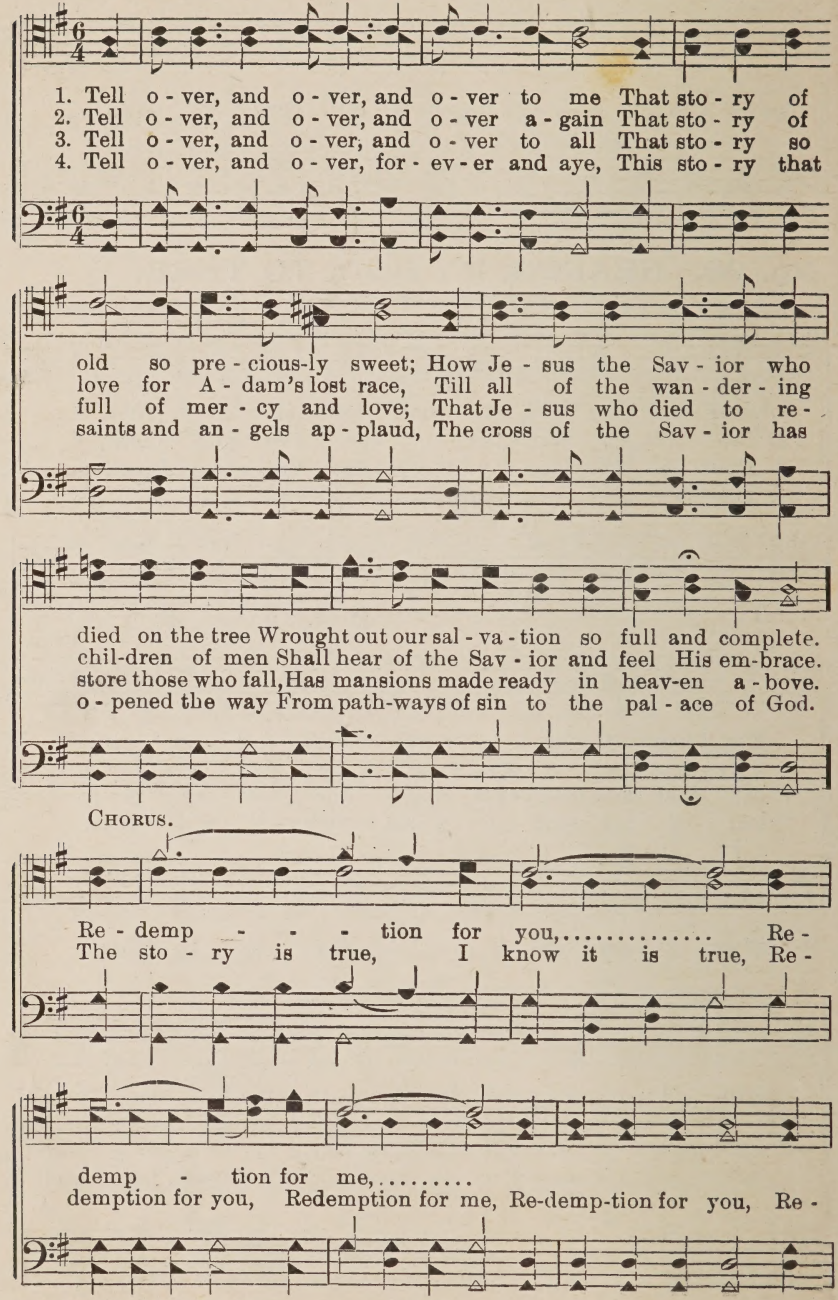
No. 29. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise,
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n;
Out of my ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise;
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Still all my song shall be—Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be—Near - er, my God, to Thee!
An - gels to beck - on me—Near - er, my God, to Thee!
So by my woes to be—Near - er, my God, to Thee!

No. 30. THE STORY IS TRUE.

J. W. SYLVESTER. MALE CHORUS. C. S. COLBORN.


1. Tell o - ver, and o - ver, and o - ver to me That sto - ry of
2. Tell o - ver, and o - ver, and o - ver a - gain That sto - ry of
3. Tell o - ver, and o - ver, and o - ver to all That sto - ry so
4. Tell o - ver, and o - ver, for - ev - er and aye, This sto - ry that
old so pre - cious-ly sweet; How Je - sus the Sav - ior who
love for A - dam's lost race, Till all of the wan - der - ing
full of mer - cy and love; That Je - sus who died to re -
saints and an - gels ap - plaud, The cross of the Sav - ior has
died on the tree Wrought out our sal - va - tion so full and complete.
chil-dren of men Shall hear of the Sav - ior and feel His em-brace.
store those who fall, Has mansions made ready in heav-en a - bove.
o - pened the way From path-ways of sin to the pal - ace of God.
CHORUS.
Re - demp - - - tion for you,..... Re -
The sto - ry is true, I know it is true, Re -
demp - tion for me,.....
demption for you, Redemption for me, Re-demp-tion for you, Re -

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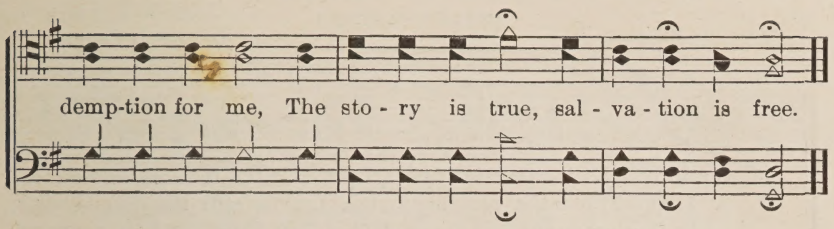
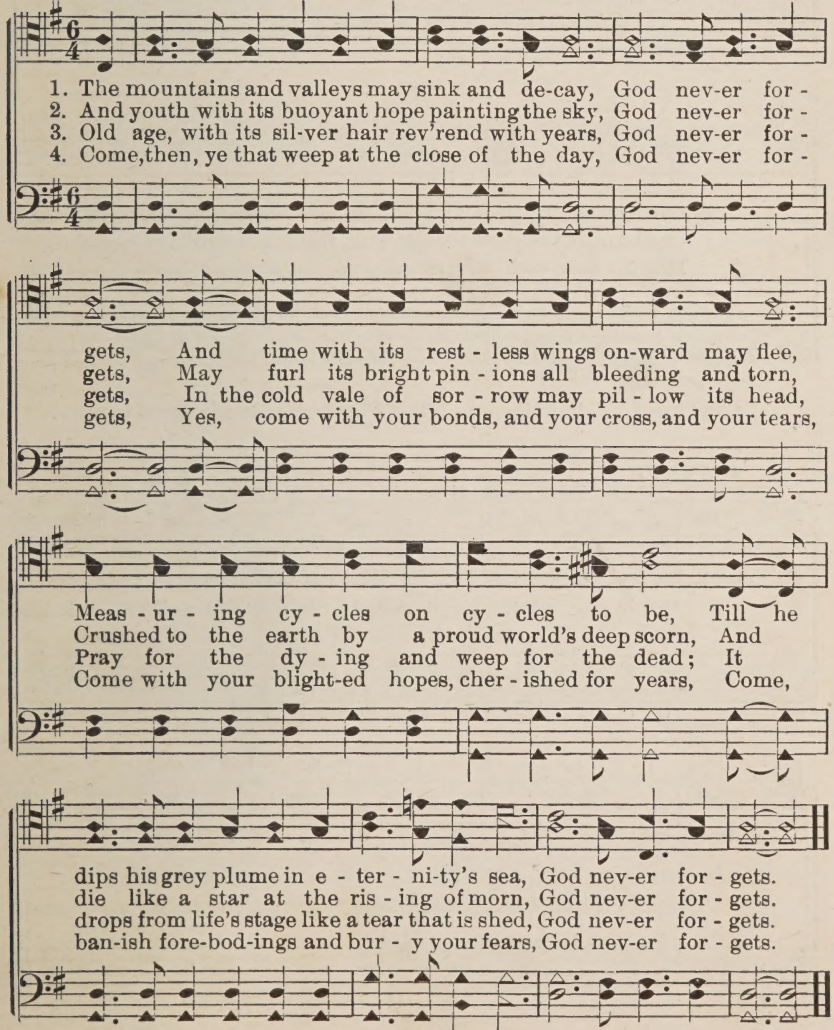


No. 31. GOD NEVER FORGETS.

JAMES BRAND. C. S. COLBORN.


1. The mountains and valleys may sink and de-cay, God nev-er for -
2. And youth with its buoyant hope painting the sky, God nev-er for -
3. Old age, with its sil-ver hair rev'rend with years, God nev-er for -
4. Come, then, ye that weep at the close of the day, God nev-er for -
gets, And time with its rest - less wings on-ward may flee,
gets, May furl its bright pin - ions all bleeding and torn,
gets, In the cold vale of sor - row may pil - low its head,
gets, Yes, come with your bonds, and your cross, and your tears,
Meas - ur - ing cy - cles on cy - cles to be, Till he
Crushed to the earth by a proud world's deep scorn, And
Pray for the dy - ing and weep for the dead; It
Come with your blight-ed hopes, cher - ished for years, Come,
dips his grey plume in e - ter - ni-ty's sea, God nev-er for - gets.
die like a star at the ris - ing of morn, God nev-er for - gets.
drops from life's stage like a tear that is shed, God nev-er for - gets.
ban-ish fore-bod-ings and bur - y your fears, God nev-er for - gets.

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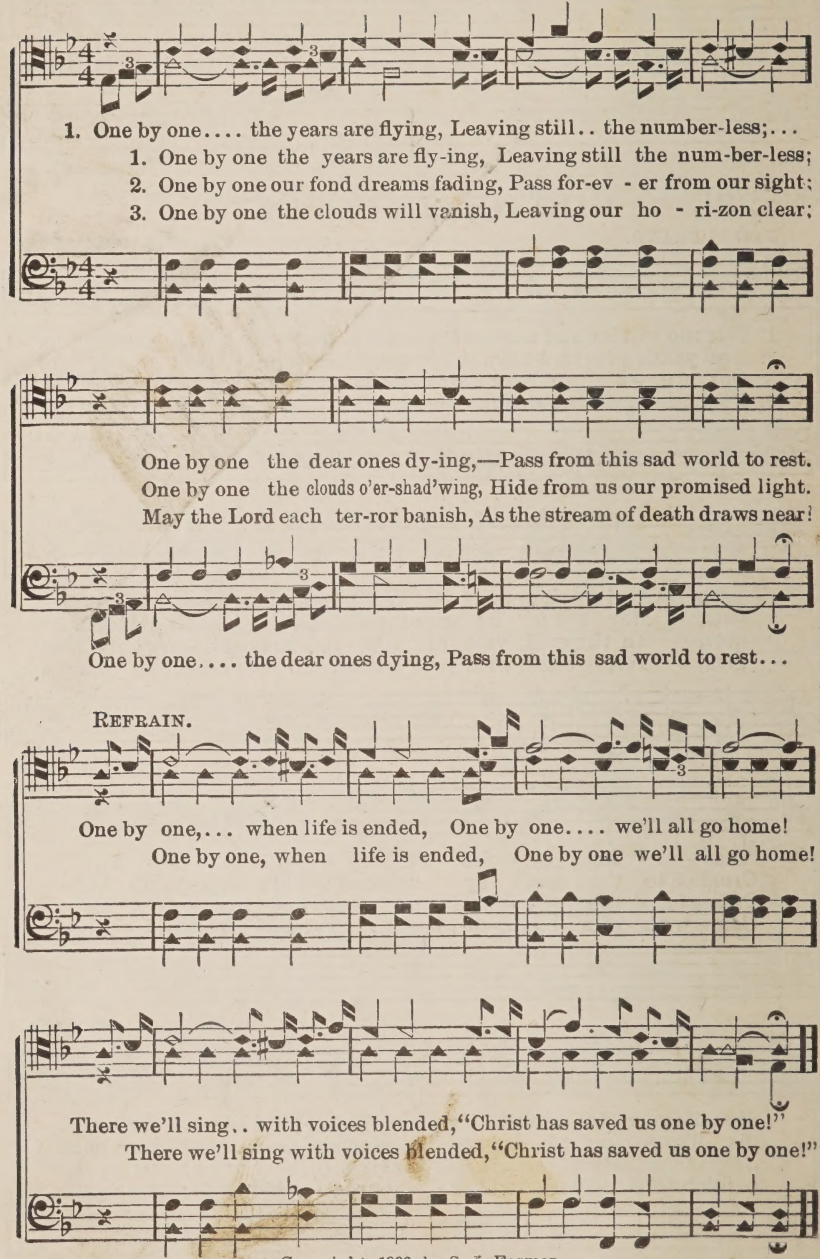
No. 32. ONE BY ONE.

(MALE QUARTET.)

Miss Ida Hedrick. Stephen J. Farmer.


1. One by one.... the years are flying, Leaving still.. the number-less;...
1. One by one the years are fly-ing, Leaving still the num-ber-less;
2. One by one our fond dreams fading, Pass for-ev - er from our sight;
3. One by one the clouds will vanish, Leaving our ho - ri-zon clear;
One by one the dear ones dy-ing,—Pass from this sad world to rest.
One by one the clouds o'er-shad'wing, Hide from us our promised light.
May the Lord each ter-ror banish, As the stream of death draws near!
One by one.... the dear ones dying, Pass from this sad world to rest...
Refrain.
One by one,... when life is ended, One by one.... we'll all go home!
One by one, when life is ended, One by one we'll all go home!
There we'll sing.. with voices blended, "Christ has saved us one by one!"
There we'll sing with voices blended, "Christ has saved us one by one!"

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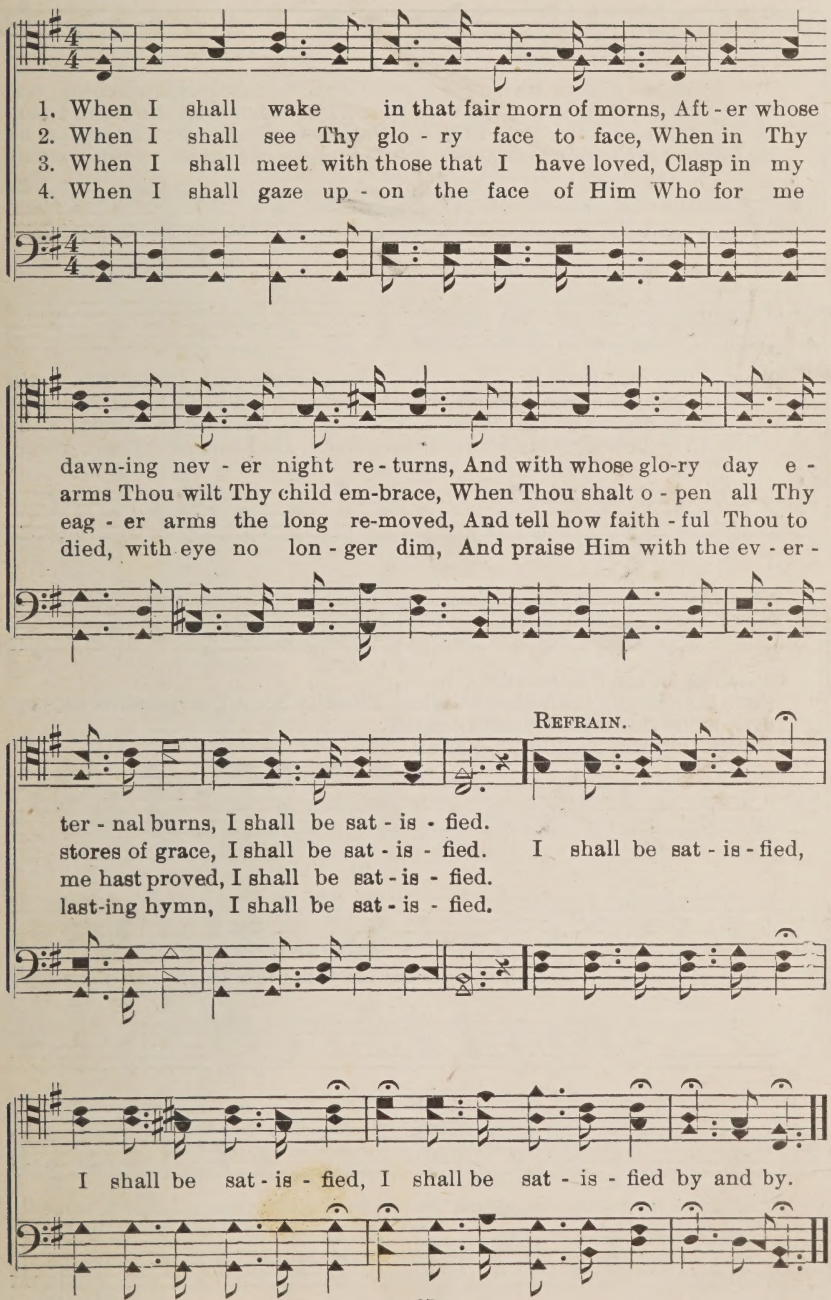
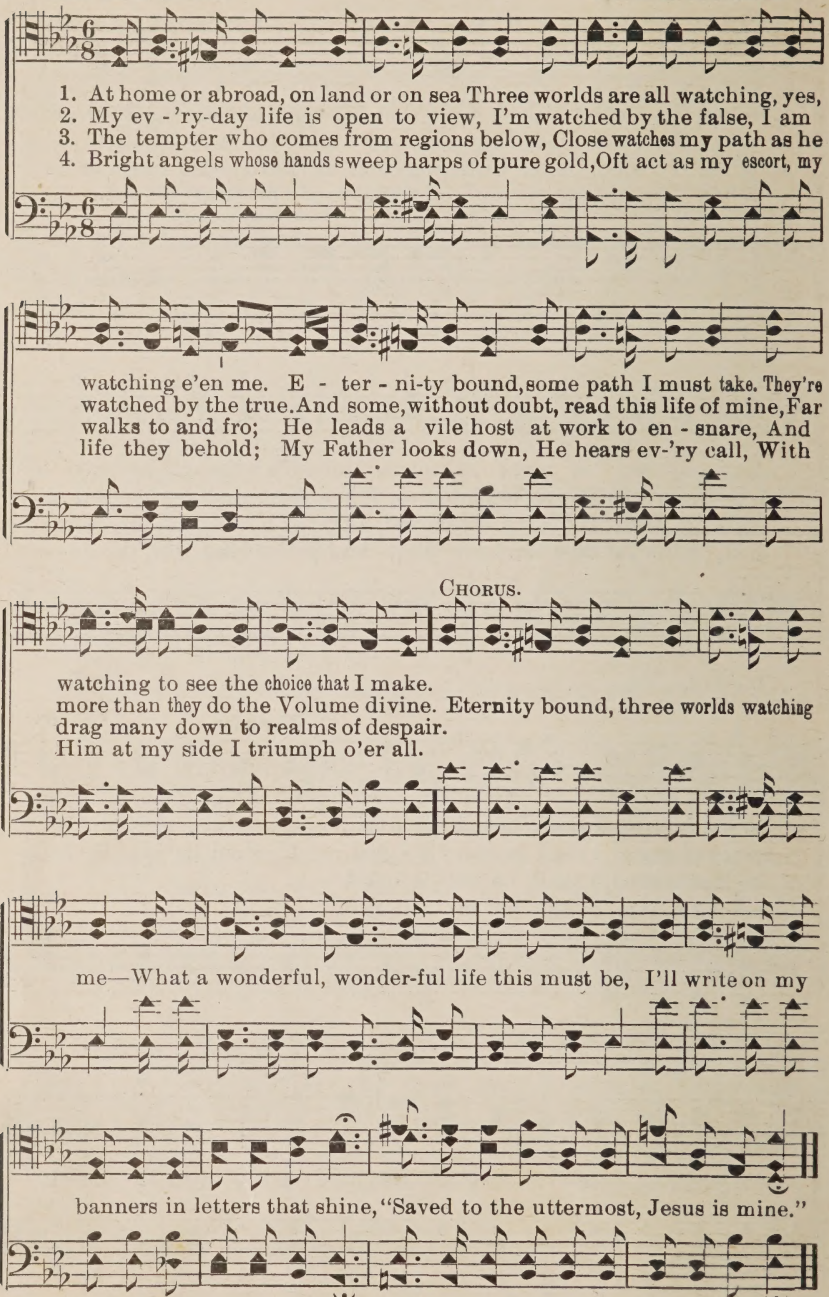
No. 33. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

DR. H. BONAR. C. B. WIDMEYER.


1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thy
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me
dawn-ing nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo-ry day e -
arms Thou wilt Thy child em-brace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy
eag - er arms the long re-moved, And tell how faith - ful Thou to
died, with eye no lon - ger dim, And praise Him with the ev - er -
REFRAIN.
ter - nal burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
stores of grace, I shall be sat - is - fied.
me hast proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
last-ing hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied.
I shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied by and by.

No. 34. THREE WORLDS WATCHING ME.

MRS. H. B. SPOOR. HALDOR LILLENAS.


1. At home or abroad, on land or on sea Three worlds are all watching, yes,
2. My ev - 'ry-day life is open to view, I'm watched by the false, I am
3. The tempter who comes from regions below, Close watches my path as he
4. Bright angels whose hands sweep harps of pure gold, Oft act as my escort, my
watching e'en me. E - ter - ni-ty bound, some path I must take. They're
watched by the true. And some, without doubt, read this life of mine, Far
walks to and fro; He leads a vile host at work to en - snare, And
life they behold; My Father looks down, He hears ev-'ry call, With
CHORUS.
watching to see the choice that I make.
more than they do the Volume divine. Eternity bound, three worlds watching
drag many down to realms of despair.
Him at my side I triumph o'er all.
me—What a wonderful, wonder-ful life this must be, I'll write on my
banners in letters that shine, "Saved to the uttermost, Jesus is mine."

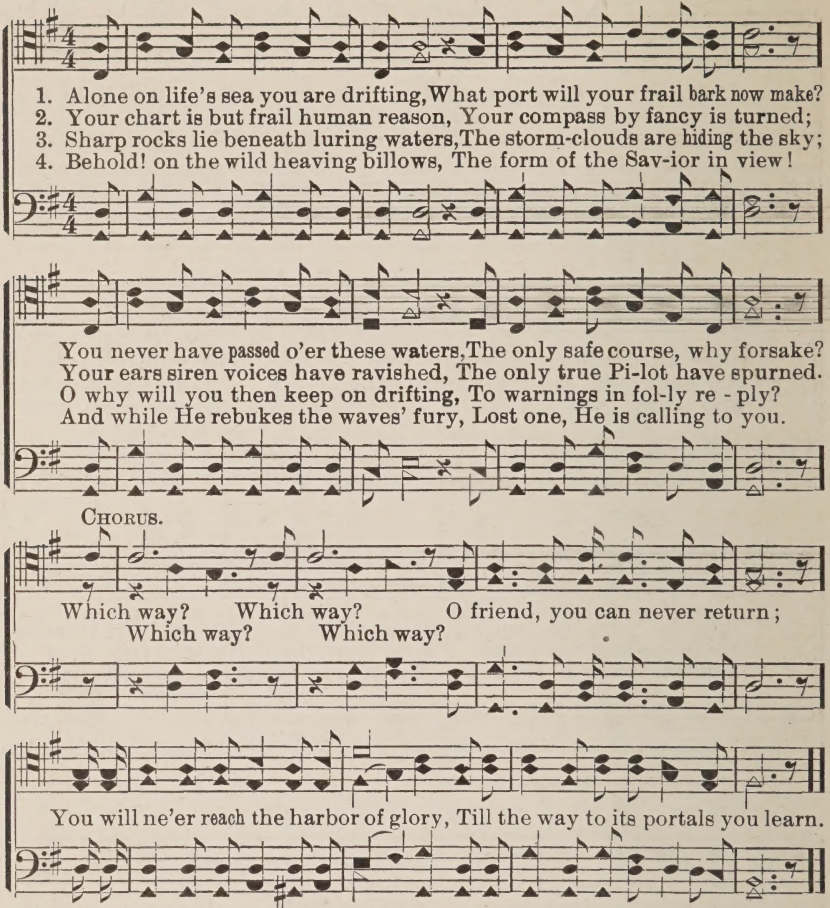
No. 35. A LITTLE WHILE.

W. H. R. W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. A lit - tle while and then our wea - ry feet, Will tread the
2. A lit - tle while then raptured we shall stand, With glad im-
3. A lit - tle while and then re - un - ion sweet, With loved ones
shore where sor-row can - not dwell; A lit - tle while and
mor - tals mid a blood-washed throng; A lit - tle while, earth's
who have journeyed on be - fore; A lit - tle while, their
then to join the choirs, Where songs of praise and tri - umph
sor - rows will be past, And we shall chant the ev - er-
hands to clasp a - gain, No more to part up - on that
REFRAIN.
ev - er swell. Earth frowns a while,
last - ing song.
ra - diant shore. Earth frowns a while,..... then heav-en
then heaven smiles, Trust on, O heart, 'tis but a lit - tle while.
smiles,.....

No. 36. WHICH WAY?

ABBIE C. BARR. Arr. F. S. B. MALE VOICES. EMMA M. GRANT. Arr. F. S. B.


1. Alone on life's sea you are drifting, What port will your frail bark now make?
2. Your chart is but frail human reason, Your compass by fancy is turned;
3. Sharp rocks lie beneath luring waters, The storm-clouds are hiding the sky;
4. Behold! on the wild heaving billows, The form of the Sav-ior in view!
You never have passed o'er these waters, The only safe course, why forsake?
Your ears siren voices have ravished, The only true Pi-lot have spurned.
O why will you then keep on drifting, To warnings in fol-ly re - ply?
And while He rebukes the waves' fury, Lost one, He is calling to you.
CHORUS.
Which way? Which way? O friend, you can never return;
Which way? Which way?
You will ne'er reach the harbor of glory, Till the way to its portals you learn.

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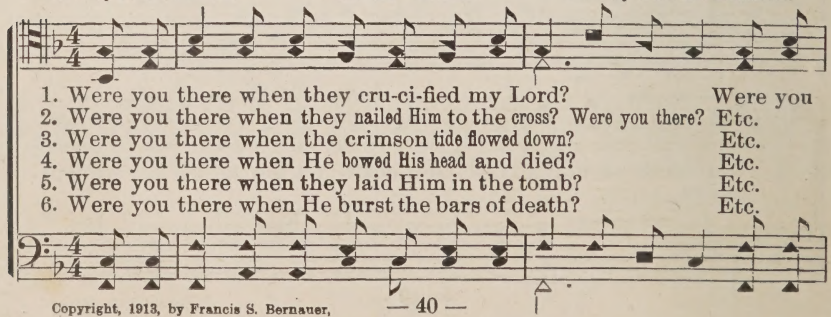
No. 37. WERE YOU THERE?

Arr. by J. G. GRACE. MALE VOICES. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.


1. Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? Were you
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross? Were you there? Etc.
3. Were you there when the crimson tide flowed down? Etc.
4. Were you there when He bowed His head and died? Etc.
5. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Etc.
6. Were you there when He burst the bars of death? Etc.

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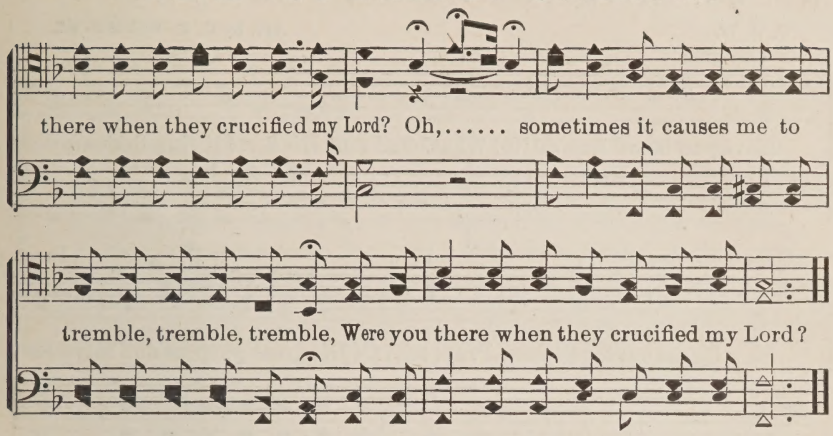

there when they crucified my Lord? Oh,..... sometimes it causes me to
tremble, tremble, tremble, Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

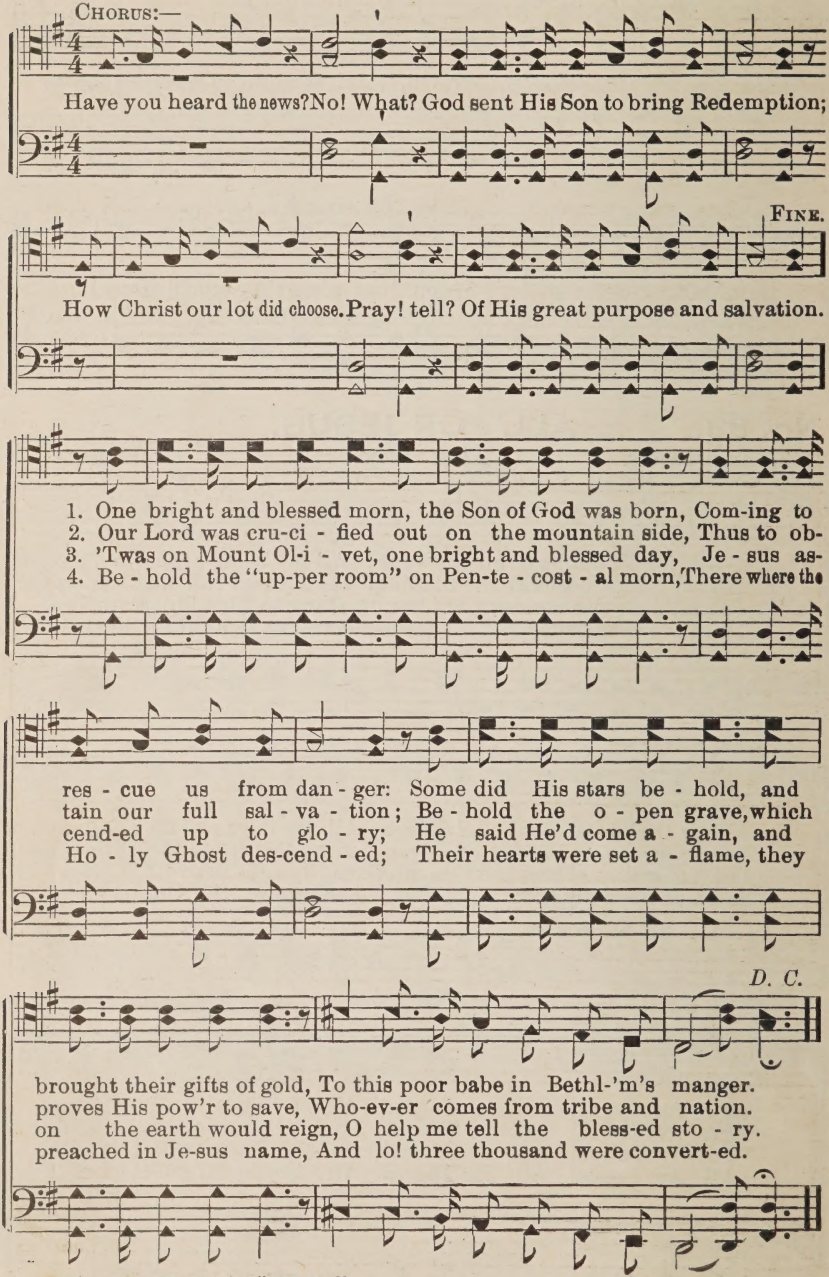
No. 38. ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. MALE VOICES. ASA HULL.

1. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;
2. Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways;
3. Worldlings prize their gems of beauty, Cling to gilded toys of dust,
4. Since my eyes were fixed on Je-sus, I've lost sight of all be - side,—
All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure; On - ly Je - sus will I trust.
So en-chained my spirit's vis - ion, Looking at the Cru - ci - fied.
Repeat pp. Rit. 2nd time.
All for Je-sus! All for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! All for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
On - ly Je-sus! On - ly Je-sus! On - ly Je-sus will I trust.
All for Je-sus! All for Je-sus! All for Je-sus cru-ci - fied!

No. 39. HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

C. B. W. Arr. by C. B. WIDMEYER.


CHORUS:—
Have you heard the news? No! What? God sent His Son to bring Redemption;
FINE.
How Christ our lot did choose. Pray! tell? Of His great purpose and salvation.
1. One bright and blessed morn, the Son of God was born, Com-ing to
2. Our Lord was cru-ci - fied out on the mountain side, Thus to ob-
3. 'Twas on Mount Ol-i - vet, one bright and blessed day, Je - sus as-
4. Be - hold the "up-per room" on Pen-te - cost - al morn, There where the
res - cue us from dan - ger: Some did His stars be - hold, and
tain our full sal - va - tion; Be - hold the o - pen grave, which
cend-ed up to glo - ry; He said He'd come a - gain, and
Ho - ly Ghost des-cend - ed; Their hearts were set a - flame, they
D. C.
brought their gifts of gold, To this poor babe in Bethl-'m's manger.
proves His pow'r to save, Who-ev-er comes from tribe and nation.
on the earth would reign, O help me tell the bless-ed sto - ry.
preached in Je-sus name, And lo! three thousand were convert-ed.

Used by per. of "The Comfort," Augusta, Me.

No. 40. JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Come to the Fath-er's house, Come ere the day is gone;
2. Look at the wea - ry way, Look where thy feet have trod;
3. Dark-er thy path-way grows, Soon will the night come down;
4. Fly from the fields of sin, Fly for thy life to - day;
5. Here will thy soul find rest, Safe from each an - gry blast.
Tem-pests are gath-'ring fast, Dark - ness is com - ing on.
Find - ing no rest, no peace, Wand-'ring a - way from God.
Fierce-ly the light-nings flash, Dark - er the tem - pests frown,
Fly to our Fath-er's house, En - ter the nar - row way.
Here find a per - fect peace, Joys that for - ev - er last.
Chorus.
Fly, for the tem-pest is com-ing, Sweeping the fields of sin;
Knock at the por-tals of mer - cy, Je - sus will let you in.

Used by permission.

No. 41. THE LANGUAGE OF CANAAN.

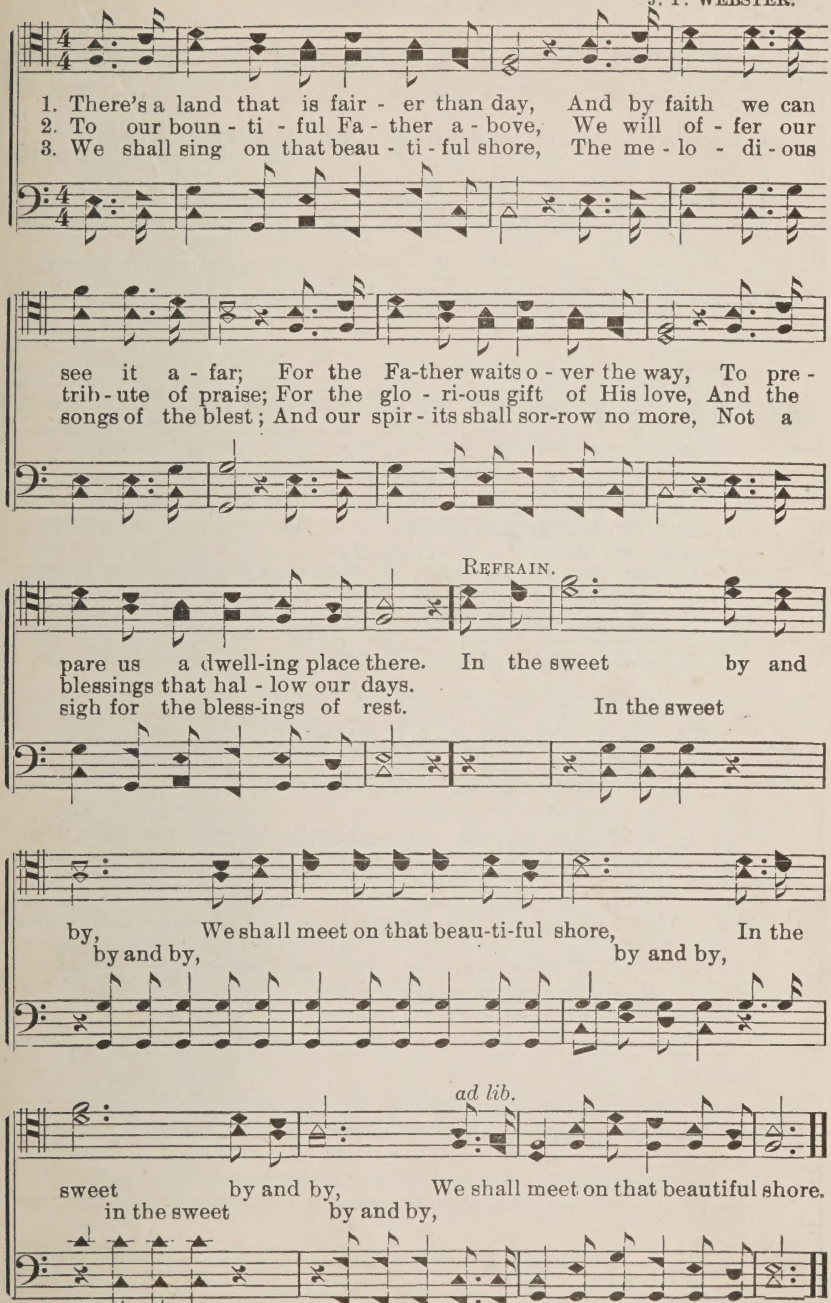
H. LILLENAS. (FEMALE VOICES.) HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Do you know the language of Ca - naan? Hal-le - lu - jah, a - men,
2. When the sky is clear I am sing - ing, Hal-le - lu - jah, a - men,
3. When my fondest hopes are all shat-tered, Hal-le - lu - jah, a - men,
4. When it seems that all must go wrong, Hal-le - lu - jah, a - men,
5. Will you not this language be learn-ing, Hal-le - lu - jah, a - men,
glo - ry; 'Tis the sweet-est lan-guage e'er spok - en, Hal - le -
glo - ry; When my path seems drear, still 'tis ring - ing, Hal - le -
glo - ry; Tho' from me my friends may be scat-tered, Hal - le -
glo - ry; I keep sweet and just sing this song, Hal - le -
glo - ry; Then your heart with love will be burn - ing, Hal - le -
REFRAIN.
lu - jah, a-men, glo - ry! Do you know,..... Do you know?.....
I do, Praise the Lord!
Do you know the lan-guage of Ca - naan? Do you know,.....
I do,
Do you know?..... Do you know the language of Ca - naan?
Bless the Lord;

Property of Haldor Lillenas.

No. 42. THE SWEET BY AND BY.

J. P. WEBSTER.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our
3. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous
see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
trib - ute of praise; For the glo - ri-ous gift of His love, And the
songs of the blest; And our spir - its shall sor-row no more, Not a
REFRAIN.
pare us a dwell-ing place there. In the sweet by and
blessings that hal - low our days.
sigh for the bless-ings of rest. In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the
by and by, by and by,
ad lib.
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
in the sweet by and by,

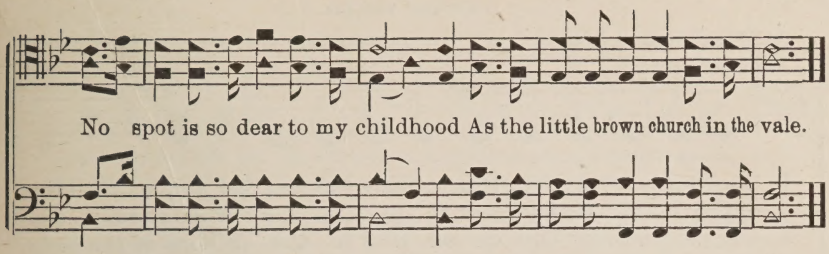
No. 43. THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH.

Melody in Second Tenor.

W. S. P. Alt. DR. WILLIAM S. PITTS.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild-wood, No
2. O come to the church in the wild-wood, Where the
3. We may hear in the calm sum-mer morn-ing The
4. It was here in the church in the wild-wood That we
5. O the lit - tle brown church in the wild-wood, With the
lov - li - er spot in the vale; No place was so dear to our
flow - ers are blooming so fair; Come, list to the songs of our
tones of the clear ringing bell; How ten - der - ly sweet is the
knelt with our mothers in pray'r In the long - a - go days of our
clus - ter-ing vine at the door; O the songs that were dear to our
child - hood As the lit - - tle brown church in the dale.
child - hood—No - where else do they sing them as there.
warn - ing As it calls to the church in the dell.
child - hood—Come and meet her in mem - o - ry there.
child - hood—Let us sing them to - geth - er once more.
Chorus.
Come to the church in the wildwood, O come to the church in the vale;
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH. Concluded.



No. 44. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

Anon. A. J. GORDON.

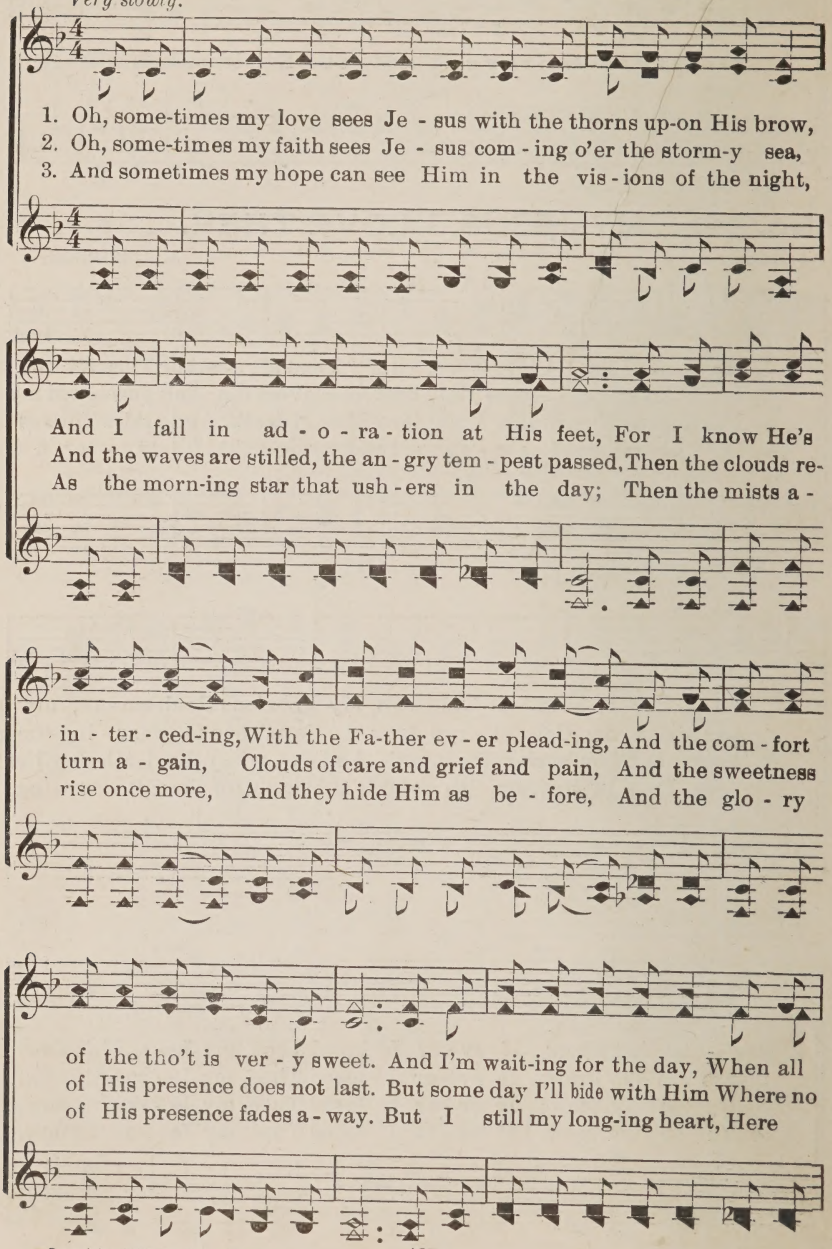
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and endless de-light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies of sin I re - sign, My gra-cious Re-deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree: I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lendest me breath, And say, when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav-en, so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 45. WHEN I SEE HIM FACE TO FACE.

FEMALE VOICES.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT. LUCY RIDER MEYER. Arr. by C. B. W.

Very slowly.


1. Oh, some-times my love sees Je - sus with the thorns up-on His brow,
2. Oh, some-times my faith sees Je - sus com - ing o'er the storm-y sea,
3. And sometimes my hope can see Him in the vis - ions of the night,
And I fall in ad - o - ra - tion at His feet, For I know He's
And the waves are stilled, the an - gry tem - pest passed, Then the clouds re-
As the morn-ing star that ush - ers in the day; Then the mists a -
in - ter - ced-ing, With the Fa-ther ev - er plead-ing, And the com - fort
turn a - gain, Clouds of care and grief and pain, And the sweetness
rise once more, And they hide Him as be - fore, And the glo - ry
of the tho't is ver - y sweet. And I'm wait-ing for the day, When all
of His presence does not last. But some day I'll bide with Him Where no
of His presence fades a - way. But I still my long-ing heart, Here

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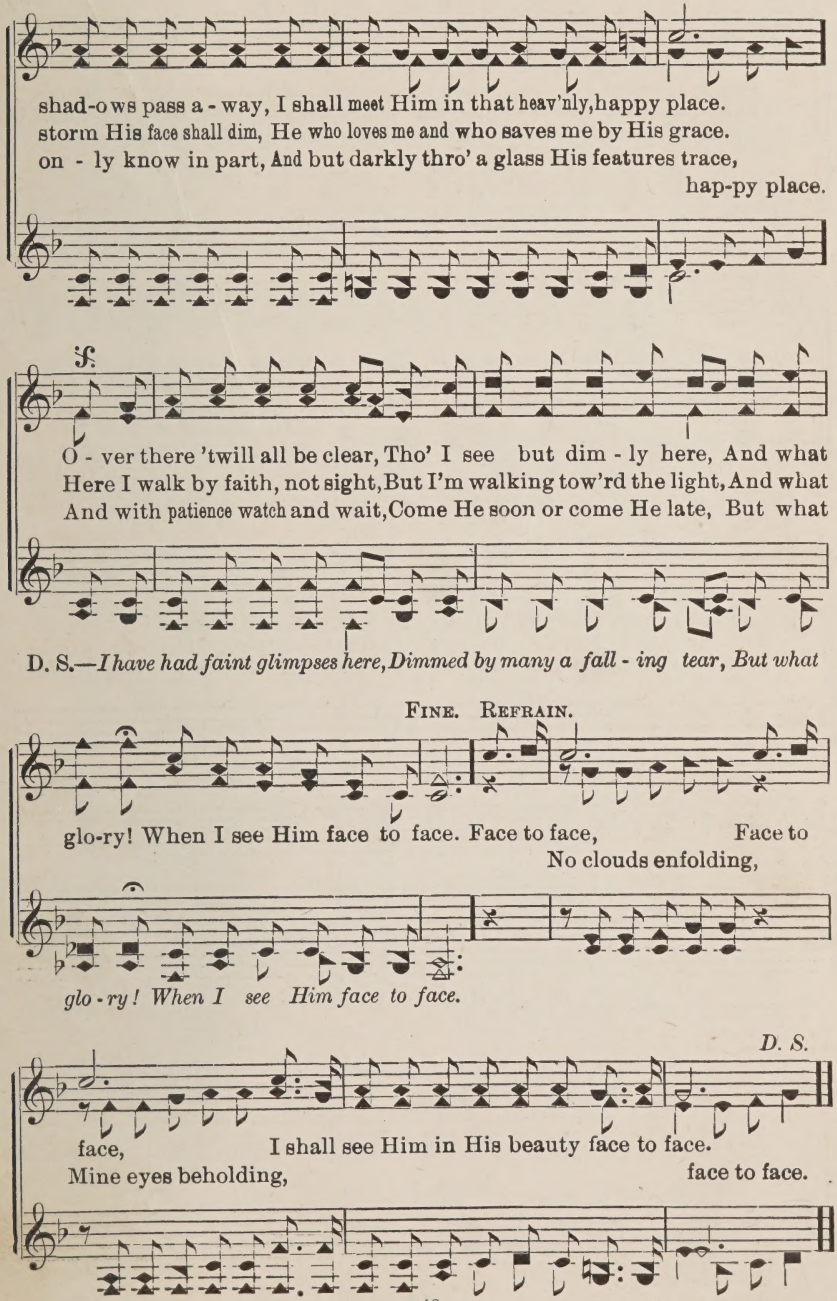
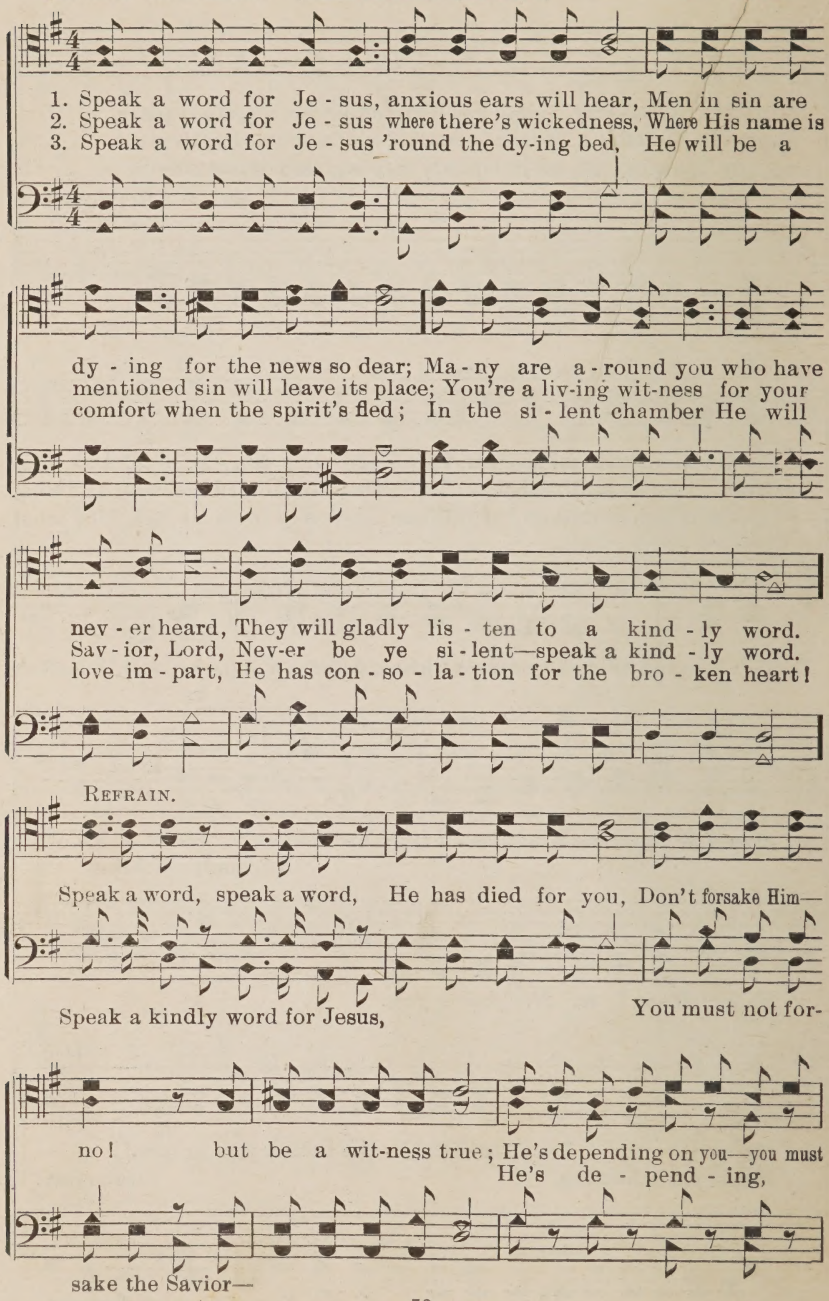
WHEN I SEE HIM FACE TO FACE. Conc'd.

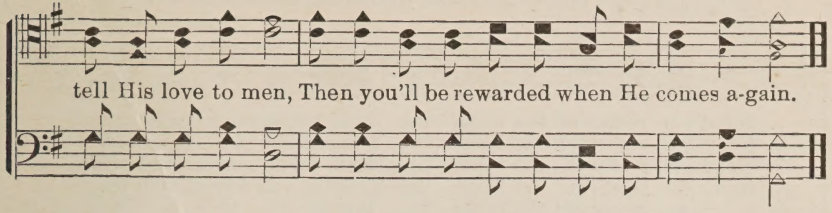

shad-ows pass a - way, I shall meet Him in that heav'nly, happy place.
storm His face shall dim, He who loves me and who saves me by His grace.
on - ly know in part, And but darkly thro' a glass His features trace,
hap-py place.
f.
O - ver there 'twill all be clear, Tho' I see but dim - ly here, And what
Here I walk by faith, not sight, But I'm walking tow'rd the light, And what
And with patience watch and wait, Come He soon or come He late, But what
D. S.—I have had faint glimpses here, Dimmed by many a fall - ing tear, But what
Fine. Refrain.
glo-ry! When I see Him face to face. Face to face, Face to
No clouds enfolding,
glo - ry! When I see Him face to face.
D. S.
face, I shall see Him in His beauty face to face.
Mine eyes beholding, face to face.

No. 46. SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS.

THOS. R. SWEATMON. (**Male Chorus or Quartette.**) S. J. OSLIN.

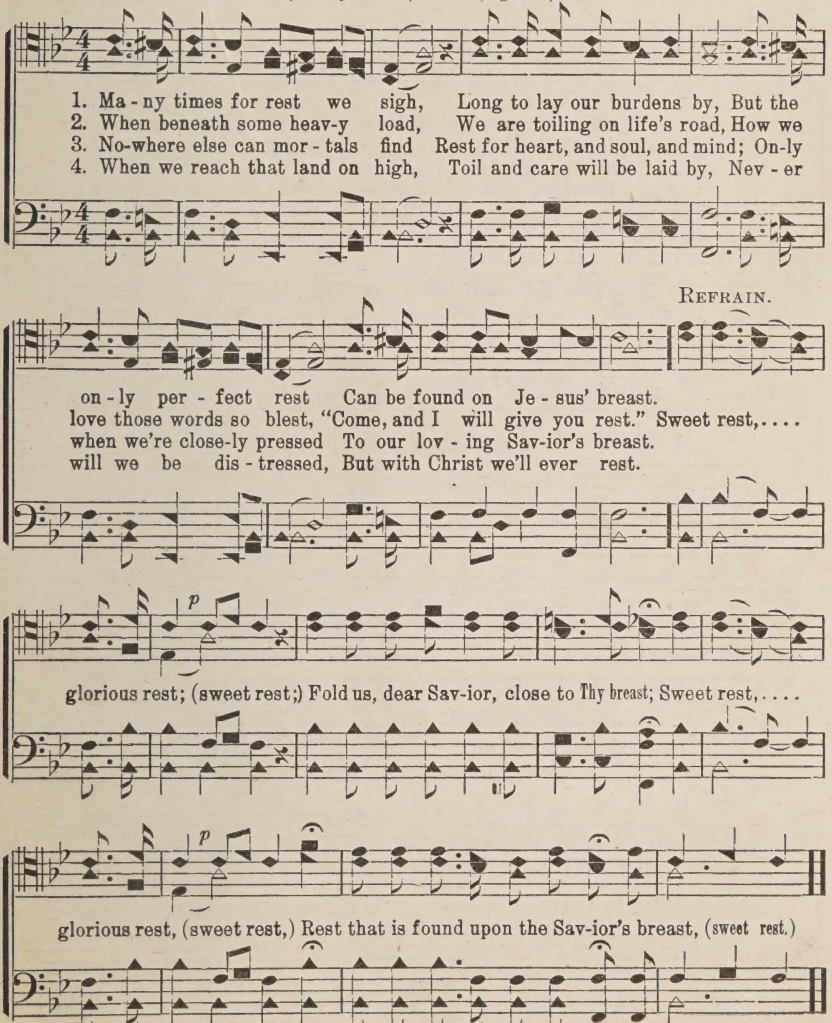

1. Speak a word for Je - sus, anxious ears will hear, Men in sin are dy - ing for the news so dear; Ma - ny are a - round you who have nev - er heard, They will gladly lis - ten to a kind - ly word.
2. Speak a word for Je - sus where there's wickedness, Where His name is mentioned sin will leave its place; You're a liv-ing wit-ness for your Sav - ior, Lord, Nev-er be ye si - lent—speak a kind - ly word.
3. Speak a word for Je - sus 'round the dy-ing bed, He will be a comfort when the spirit's fled; In the si - lent chamber He will love im - part, He has con - so - la - tion for the bro - ken heart!
REFRAIN.
Speak a word, speak a word, He has died for you, Don't forsake Him—
Speak a kindly word for Jesus,
You must not for-
no! but be a wit-ness true; He's depending on you—you must
He's de - pend - ing,
sake the Savior—

Eureka Pub. Co., owners.



No. 47. SWEET REST.

REV. J. OATMAN. (To my friend, J. B. Vaughan.) HOMER F. MORRIS.

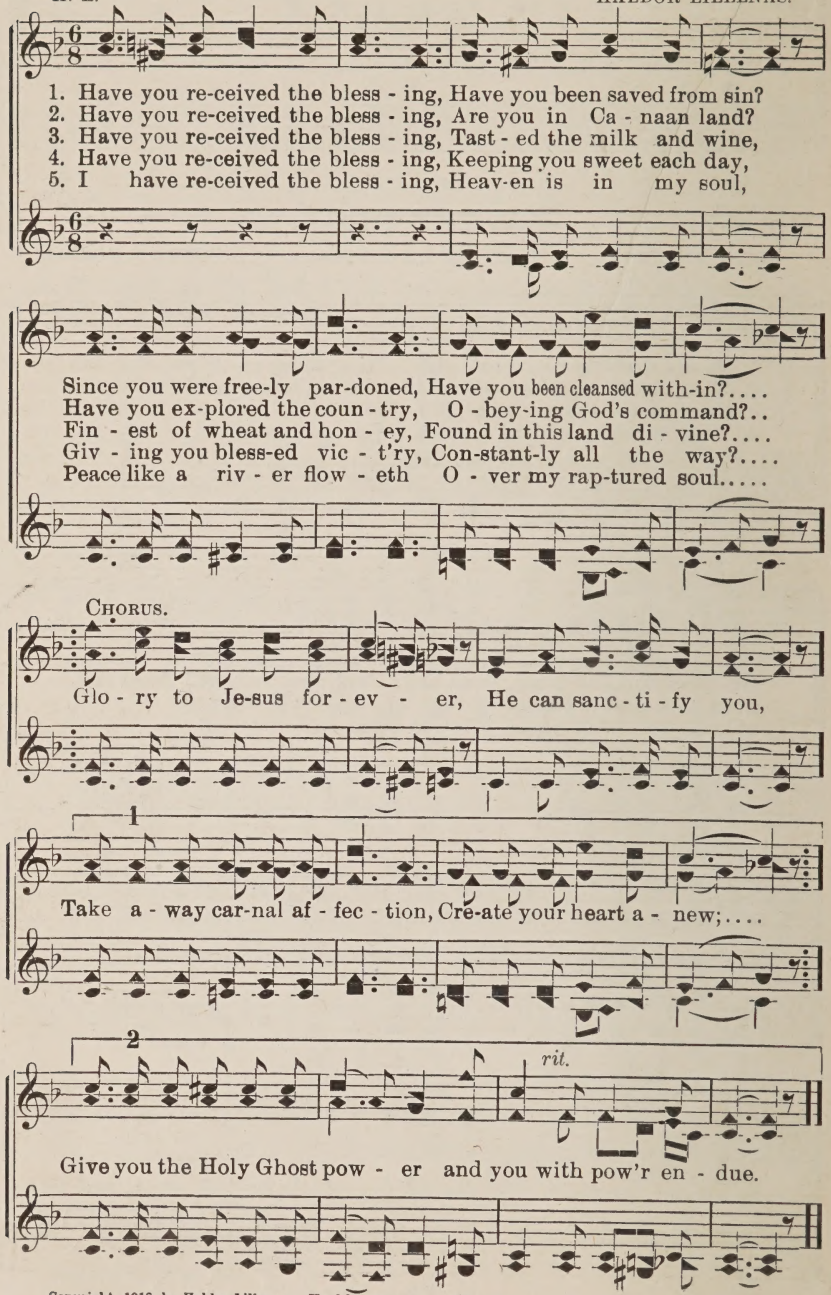

1. Ma - ny times for rest we sigh, Long to lay our burdens by, But the
2. When beneath some heav-y load, We are toiling on life's road, How we
3. No-where else can mor - tals find Rest for heart, and soul, and mind; On-ly
4. When we reach that land on high, Toil and care will be laid by, Nev - er
REFRAIN.
on - ly per - fect rest Can be found on Je - sus' breast.
love those words so blest, "Come, and I will give you rest." Sweet rest,....
when we're close-ly pressed To our lov - ing Sav-ior's breast.
will we be dis - tressed, But with Christ we'll ever rest.
p
glorious rest; (sweet rest;) Fold us, dear Sav-ior, close to Thy breast; Sweet rest,....
p
glorious rest, (sweet rest,) Rest that is found upon the Sav-ior's breast, (sweet rest.)

Property of H. F. Morris.

No. 48. HAVE YOU RECEIVED THE BLESSING?

(Dedicated to and sung by the Ladies' Quartette of the Nazarene University.)

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.


1. Have you re-ceived the bless - ing, Have you been saved from sin?
2. Have you re-ceived the bless - ing, Are you in Ca - naan land?
3. Have you re-ceived the bless - ing, Tast - ed the milk and wine,
4. Have you re-ceived the bless - ing, Keeping you sweet each day,
5. I have re-ceived the bless - ing, Heav-en is in my soul,
Since you were free-ly par-doned, Have you been cleansed with-in?....
Have you ex-plored the coun - try, O - bey-ing God's command?..
Fin - est of wheat and hon - ey, Found in this land di - vine?....
Giv - ing you bless-ed vic - t'ry, Con-stant-ly all the way?....
Peace like a riv - er flow - eth O - ver my rap-tured soul.....
CHORUS.
Glo - ry to Je-sus for - ev - er, He can sanc - ti - fy you,
1
Take a - way car-nal af - fec - tion, Cre-ate your heart a - new;....
2
rit.
Give you the Holy Ghost pow - er and you with pow'r en - due.

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No. 49. SPEED AWAY.

G. P. HOTT. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a - way, speed a-way, swift e - van-gel of song: Sing in
2. Speed a - way, speed a-way, sweet e - van-gel of love, With the
3. Speed a - way, speed a-way, blest e - van-gel of peace 'Till op -
ac-cents of mer - cy, to save from the wrong; 'Tis your mission to
ol - ive of mer - cy, on wing like the dove; Find the home of the
pression and wrong 'mong the nations shall cease; 'Till the love of the
lighten the bur-den of care, The heart that is heav-y, its
low-ly, the chil-dren of woe, Speak words of sweet comfort, oh,
Saviour shall fill ev - 'ry soul, And beau-ti - ful anthems of
sor-row to share; Sweetly carol the strain, sweetly sing all the day.
has-ten to go; E'er the e-ven-tide come, or the night veils the day.
harmon-y roll o'er the earth and the sea all the night and the day.
CHORUS.
rit.
Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!

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No. 50. NO NIGHT THERE.

Melody in Second Tenor and First Bass.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. HART P. DANKS. Arr. P. H. METCALF.

Moderato.

1. In the land of fade-less day, Lies the cit - y four-square;
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the cit - y four-square;
3. And the gates shall nev - er close, In the cit - y four-square;
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the cit - y four-square;
It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is no night there.
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is no night there.
There life's crys-tal riv - er flows, And there is no night there.
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is no night there.
God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
CHORUS.
mf
God shall wipe away all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
For there is no night there.
f
dim.
mf
And they count not time by years, For there is no night there.
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is no night there.
And they count not time by years, by years.

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No. 51. LEAN HARDER ON JESUS.

C. B. W. John 13: 32. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. Lean hard-er on Je - sus, He'll care for thee,
2. Lean hard-er on Je - sus, rest on His breast,
3. Lean hard-er on Je - sus, be not dis - mayed,
4. Lean hard-er on Je - sus, trust in His word,
He pur-chased thy free - dom on Cal-v'ry's tree;
Like John the Be - lov - ed there thou art blest;
His grace is suf - fi - cient, He'll give thee aid;
His pre - cepts are pre - cious, sweet - est e'er heard;
'Twas love filled with sor - row, caused Him to die,
He'll tell thee His se - crets, make plain thy way,
He'll lift up a stand - ard, and stem the flood,
He'll bring thee to glo - ry, on heav-en's shore,
rit.
To fit thee a man - sion He came from on high.
And lead thee to E - den, e - ter - ni - ty's day.
Thus con-quer in tri - al through His pre - cious blood.
There thou shalt be safe with Him for ev - er - more.

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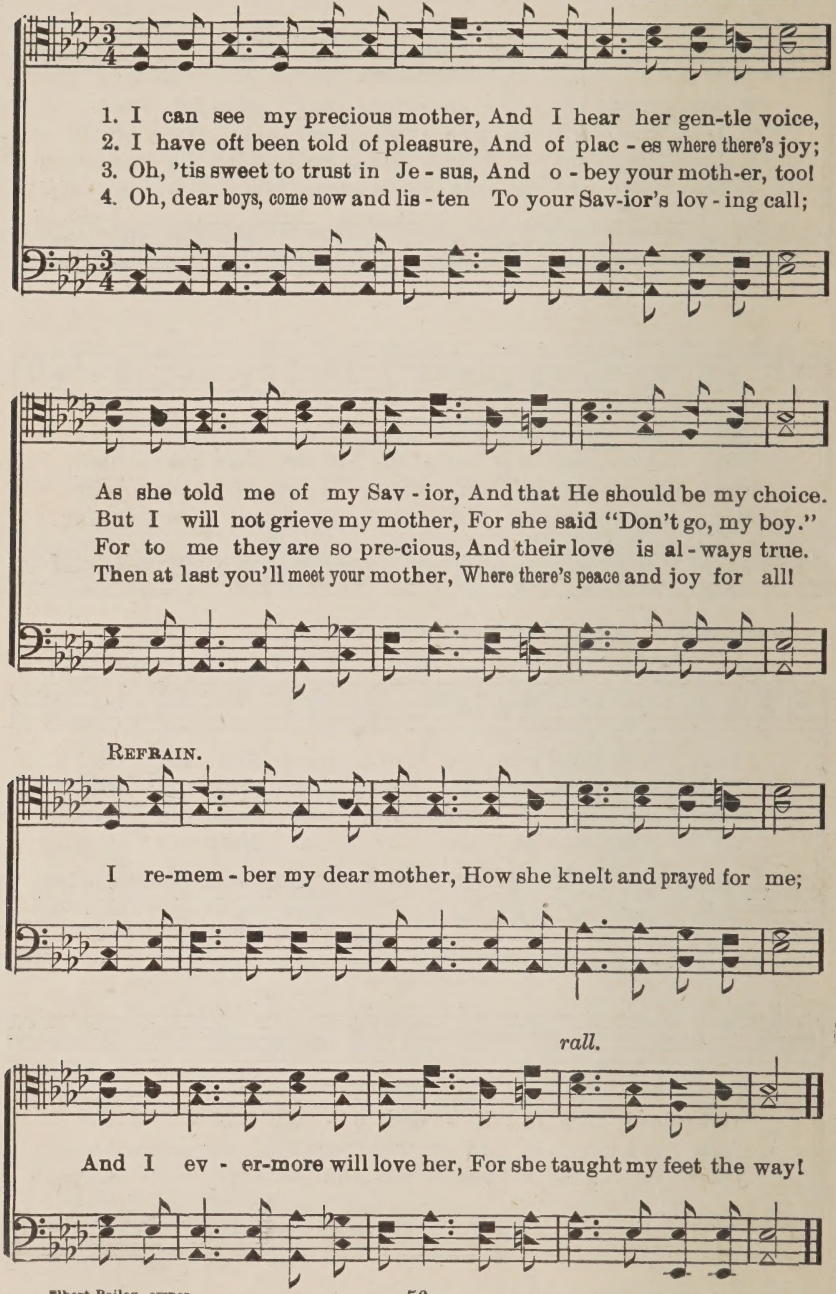
No. 52. MY PRECIOUS MOTHER.

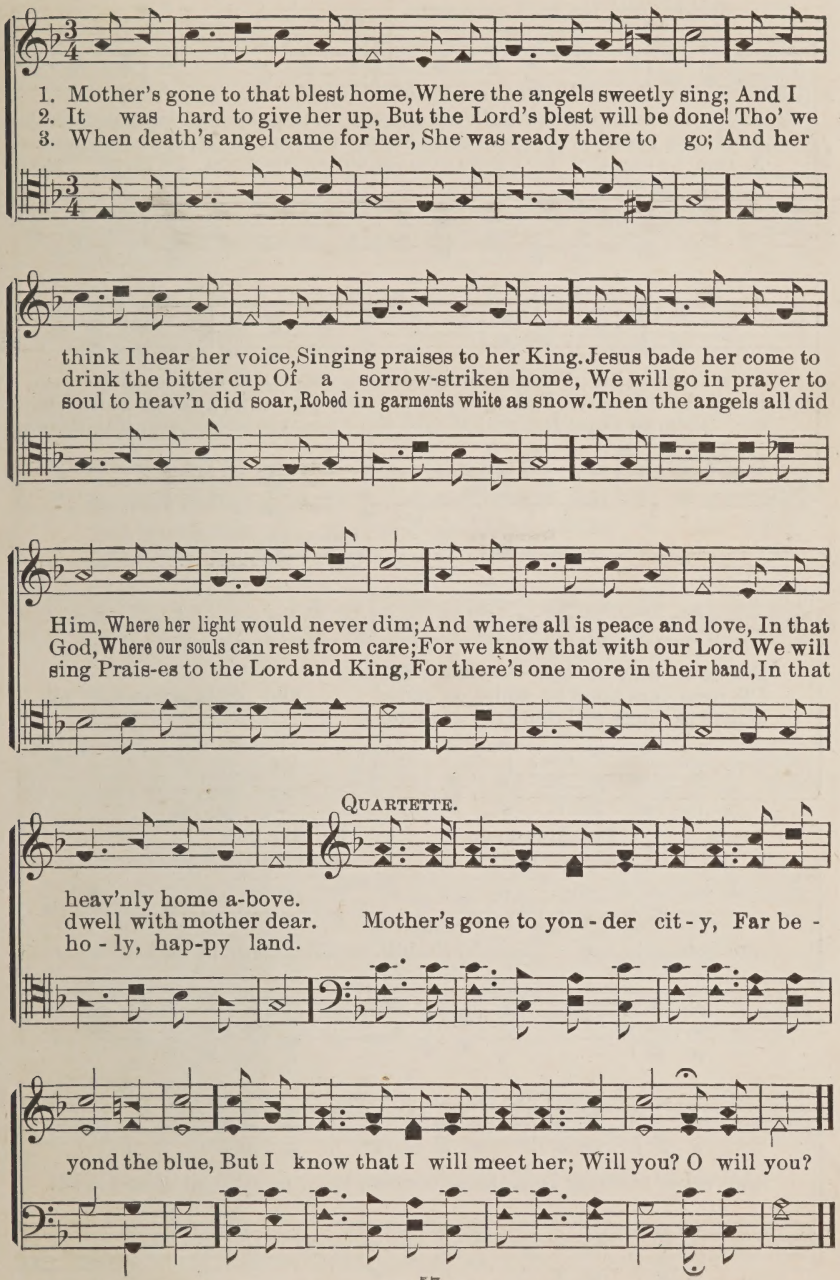
E. B. ELBERT BAILEY.


1. I can see my precious mother, And I hear her gen-tle voice,
2. I have oft been told of pleasure, And of plac - es where there's joy;
3. Oh, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, And o - bey your moth-er, too!
4. Oh, dear boys, come now and lis - ten To your Sav-ior's lov - ing call;
As she told me of my Sav - ior, And that He should be my choice.
But I will not grieve my mother, For she said "Don't go, my boy."
For to me they are so pre-cious, And their love is al - ways true.
Then at last you'll meet your mother, Where there's peace and joy for all!
REFRAIN.
I re-mem - ber my dear mother, How she knelt and prayed for me;
rall.
And I ev - er-more will love her, For she taught my feet the way!

No. 53. MOTHER'S GONE.

Duet and Mixed Quartette.

R. G. B. ROBT. G. BASINGER.

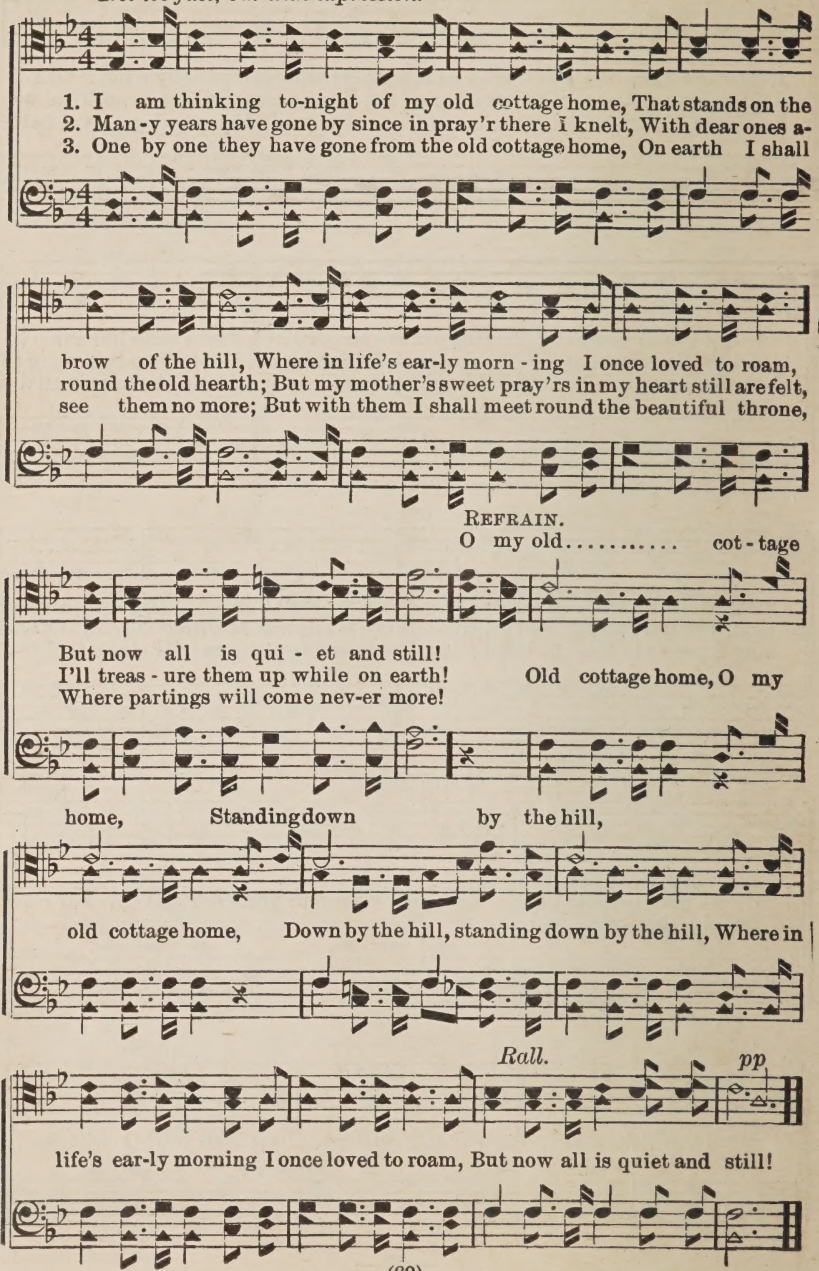

1. Mother's gone to that blest home, Where the angels sweetly sing; And I
2. It was hard to give her up, But the Lord's blest will be done! Tho' we
3. When death's angel came for her, She was ready there to go; And her
think I hear her voice, Singing praises to her King. Jesus bade her come to
drink the bitter cup Of a sorrow-striken home, We will go in prayer to
soul to heav'n did soar, Robed in garments white as snow. Then the angels all did
Him, Where her light would never dim; And where all is peace and love, In that
God, Where our souls can rest from care; For we know that with our Lord We will
sing Prais-es to the Lord and King, For there's one more in their band, In that
QUARTETTE.
heav'nly home a-bove.
dwell with mother dear.
Mother's gone to yon - der cit - y, Far be -
ho - ly, hap-py land.
yond the blue, But I know that I will meet her; Will you? O will you?

No. 54. MY OLD COTTAGE HOME.

Inscribed to my brother, T. A. Cook, Caledonia, Miss.

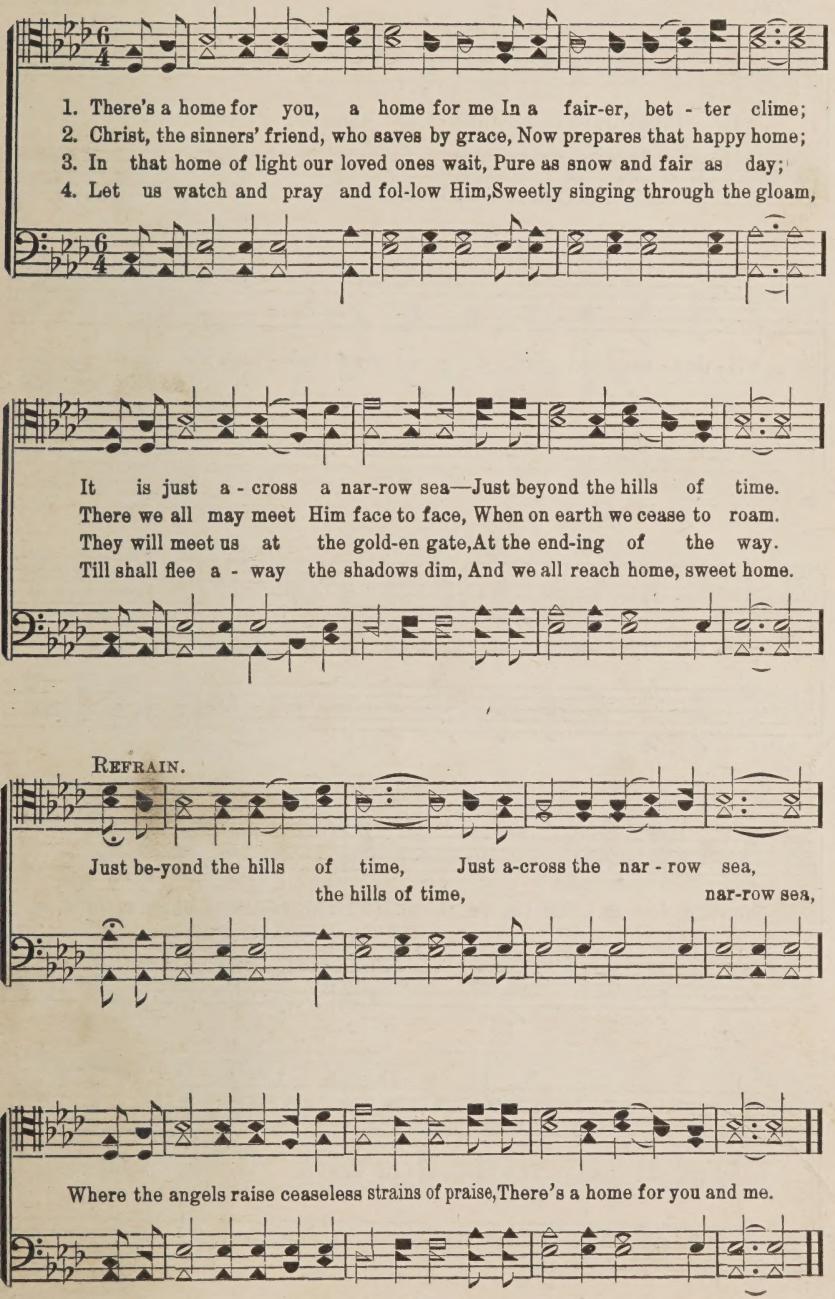
R. A. GLENN. J. H. STANLEY.

Not too fast, but with expression.


1. I am thinking to-night of my old cottage home, That stands on the
2. Man-y years have gone by since in pray'r there I knelt, With dear ones a-
3. One by one they have gone from the old cottage home, On earth I shall
brow of the hill, Where in life's ear-ly morn-ing I once loved to roam,
round the old hearth; But my mother's sweet pray'rs in my heart still are felt,
see them no more; But with them I shall meet round the beautiful throne,
REFRAIN.
O my old..... cot-tage
But now all is qui-et and still!
I'll treas-ure them up while on earth! Old cottage home, O my
Where partings will come nev-er more!
home, Standing down by the hill,
old cottage home, Down by the hill, standing down by the hill, Where in
Rall.
pp
life's ear-ly morning I once loved to roam, But now all is quiet and still!

No. 55. JUST BEYOND THE HILLS OF TIME.

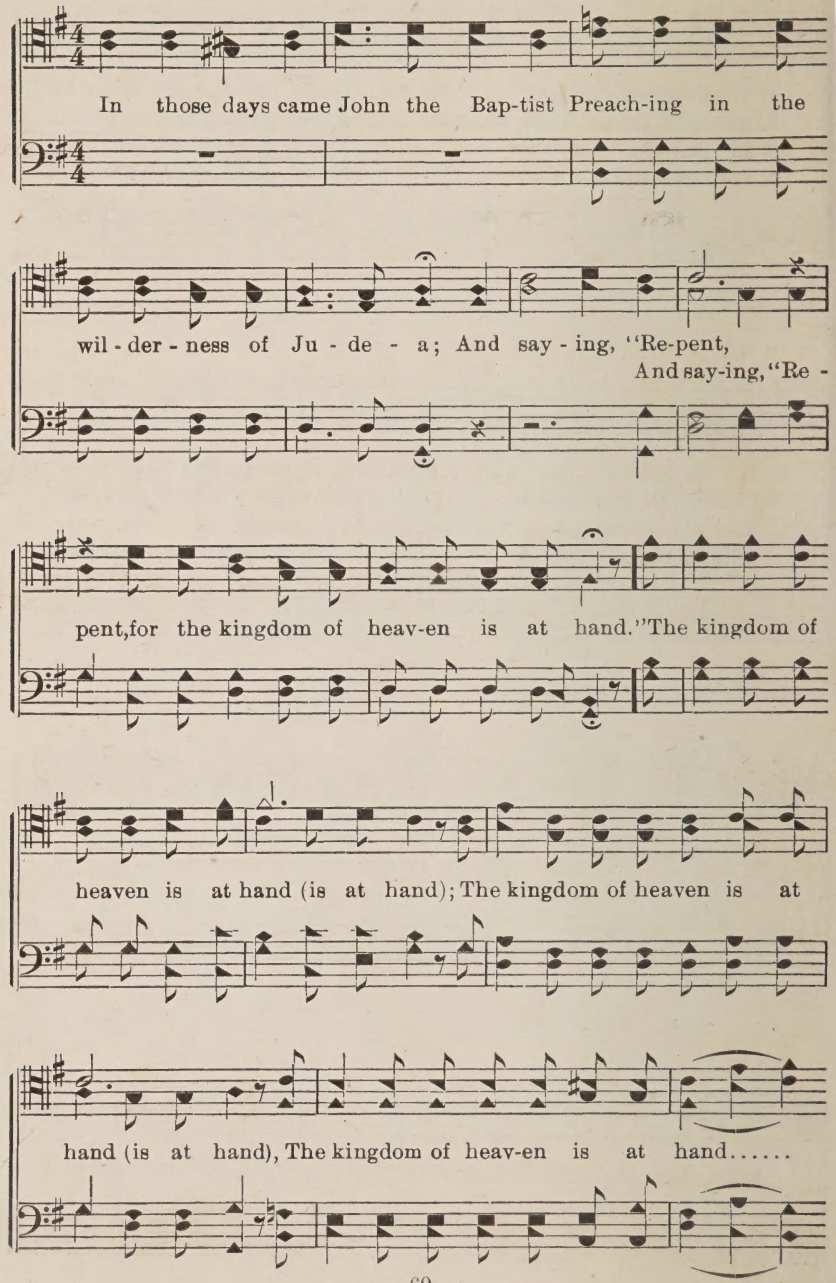
JAMES ROWE. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

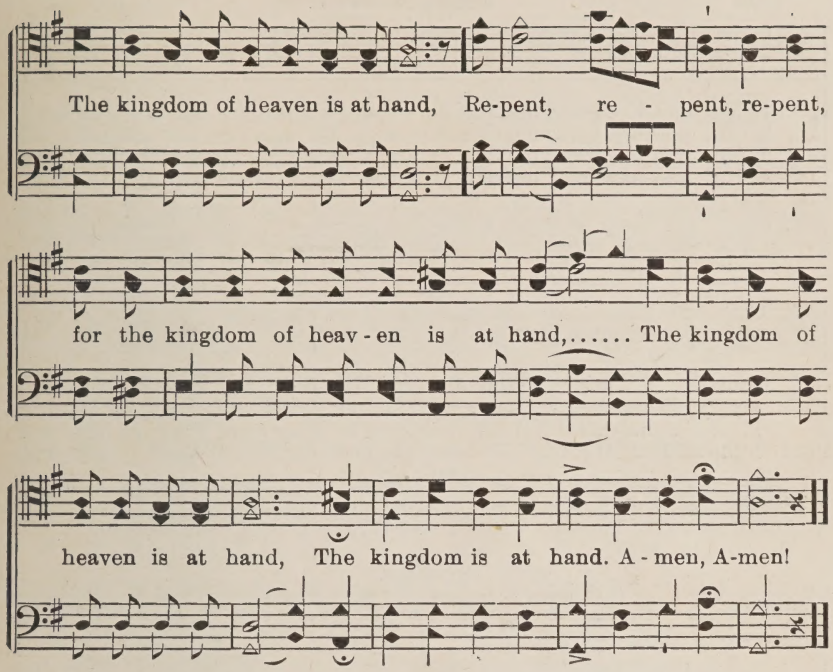

1. There's a home for you, a home for me In a fair-er, bet - ter clime;
2. Christ, the sinners' friend, who saves by grace, Now prepares that happy home;
3. In that home of light our loved ones wait, Pure as snow and fair as day;
4. Let us watch and pray and fol-low Him, Sweetly singing through the gloam,
It is just a - cross a nar-row sea—Just beyond the hills of time.
There we all may meet Him face to face, When on earth we cease to roam.
They will meet us at the gold-en gate, At the end-ing of the way.
Till shall flee a - way the shadows dim, And we all reach home, sweet home.
REFRAIN.
Just be-yond the hills of time, Just a-cross the nar - row sea,
the hills of time, nar-row sea,
Where the angels raise ceaseless strains of praise, There's a home for you and me.

No. 56. IN THOSE DAYS.

MALE CHORUS.

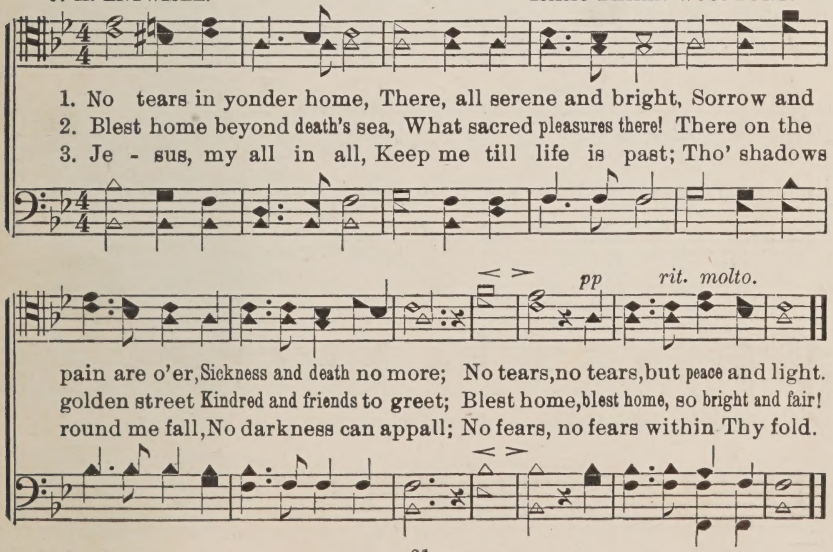
Arr. THOS. R. SWEATMON.


In those days came John the Bap-tist Preach-ing in the
wil - der - ness of Ju - de - a; And say - ing, "Re-pent,
And say-ing, "Re -
pent, for the kingdom of heav-en is at hand." The kingdom of
heaven is at hand (is at hand); The kingdom of heaven is at
hand (is at hand), The kingdom of heav-en is at hand.....


The kingdom of heaven is at hand, Re-pent, re - pent, re-pent,
for the kingdom of heav - en is at hand,..... The kingdom of
heaven is at hand, The kingdom is at hand. A - men, A-men!

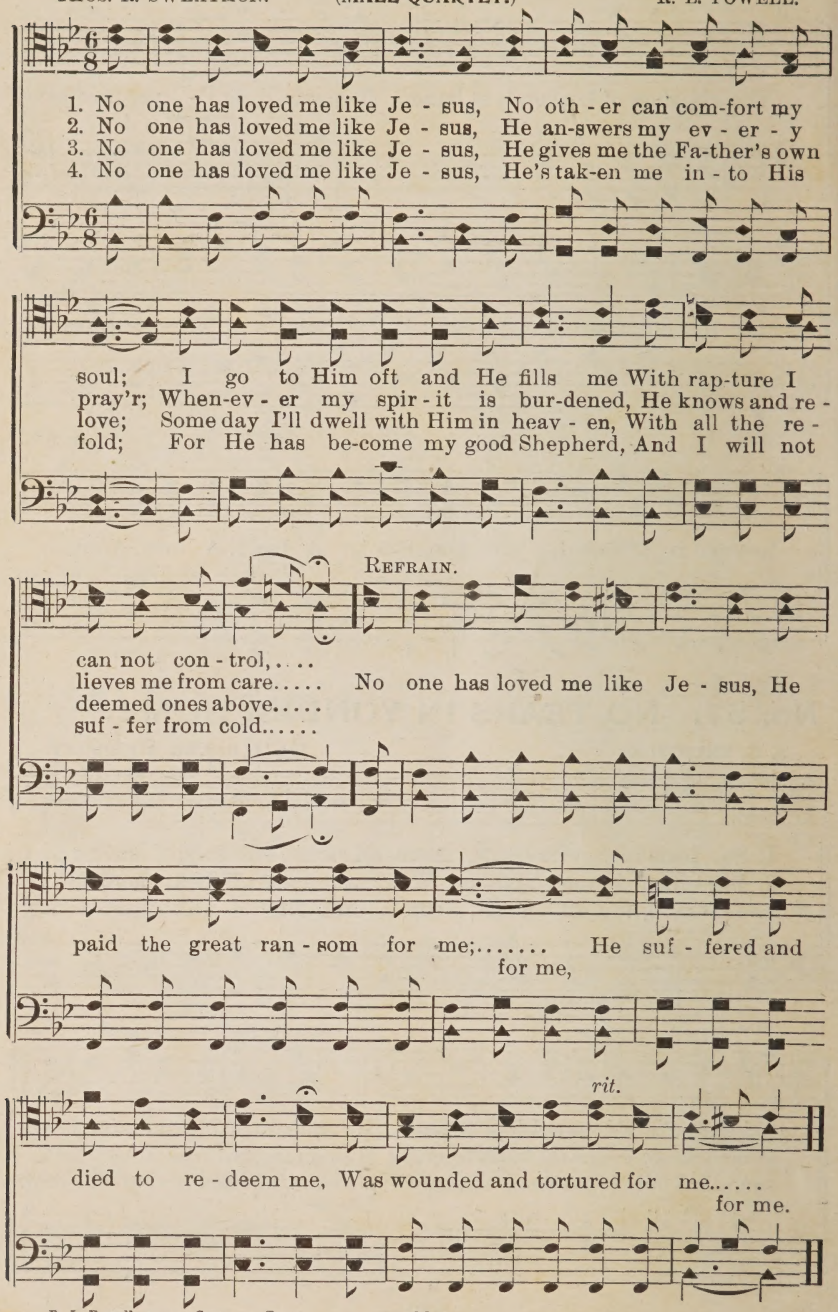
No. 57. NO TEARS IN YONDER HOME.

J. H. ENTWISLE. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.


1. No tears in yonder home, There, all serene and bright, Sorrow and
2. Blest home beyond death's sea, What sacred pleasures there! There on the
3. Je - sus, my all in all, Keep me till life is past; Tho' shadows
pp
rit. molto.
pain are o'er, Sickness and death no more; No tears, no tears, but peace and light.
golden street Kindred and friends to greet; Blest home, blest home, so bright and fair!
round me fall, No darkness can appall; No fears, no fears within Thy fold.

No. 58. NO ONE HAS LOVED ME LIKE JESUS.

THOS. R. SWEATMON. (MALE QUARTET.) R. L. POWELL.


1. No one has loved me like Je - sus, No oth - er can com-fort my
2. No one has loved me like Je - sus, He an-swers my ev - er - y
3. No one has loved me like Je - sus, He gives me the Fa-ther's own
4. No one has loved me like Je - sus, He's tak-en me in - to His
soul; I go to Him oft and He fills me With rap-ture I
pray'r; When-ev - er my spir - it is bur-dened, He knows and re -
love; Some day I'll dwell with Him in heav - en, With all the re -
fold; For He has be-come my good Shepherd, And I will not
REFRAIN.
can not con - trol,....
lieves me from care..... No one has loved me like Je - sus, He
deemed ones above.....
suf - fer from cold.....
paid the great ran - som for me;..... He suf - fered and
for me,
rit.
died to re - deem me, Was wounded and tortured for me.....
for me.

No. 59. GIVE THE BEST YOU HAVE.

Anon. REV. S. J. OSLIN.

1. There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave, There are souls that are
2. Give love, and love to your life will flow, 'Twill be strength in your
3. Give truth and it will be paid in kind, And the hon-or will
4. For life's the mir - ror of king and slave, And 'tis just what we
pure and true; Then give to the world the best you have, And the
time of need; Have faith and a score of hearts will show Their
hon - or meet; A smile that is sweet will sure - ly find A
are and do; Then give to the world the best you have, And the
Refrain.
best will come back to you. Then give the best you have,
faith in your word and deed.
smile that is just as sweet.
best will come back to you! Then give the best you
give the best you have, O give the best, O give the best you have;
have, give the best you have,
Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you!

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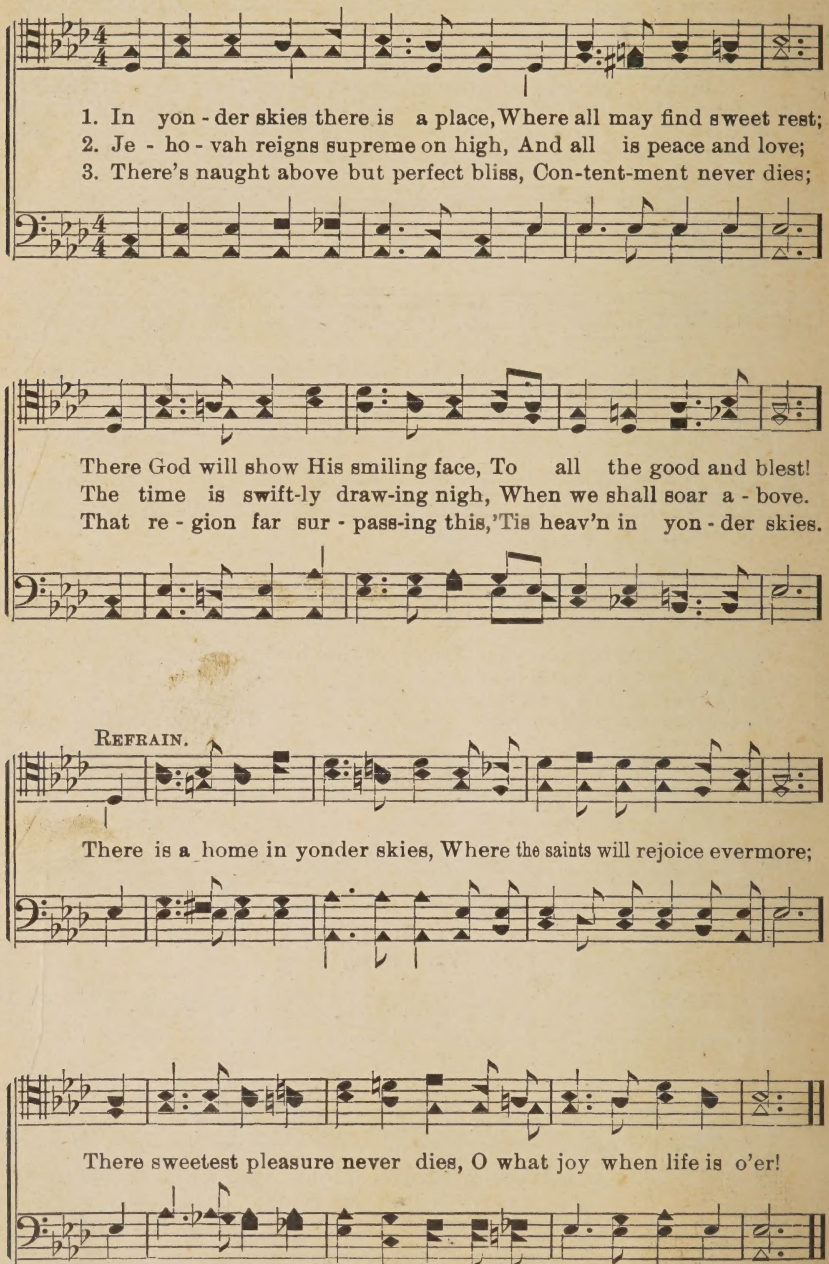
No. 60. IN YONDER SKIES.

THOS. R. SWEATMON. M. W. MATTHEWS.


1. In yon - der skies there is a place, Where all may find sweet rest;
2. Je - ho - vah reigns supreme on high, And all is peace and love;
3. There's naught above but perfect bliss, Con-tent-ment never dies;
There God will show His smiling face, To all the good and blest!
The time is swift-ly draw-ing nigh, When we shall soar a - bove.
That re - gion far sur - pass-ing this, 'Tis heav'n in yon - der skies.
REFRAIN.
There is a home in yonder skies, Where the saints will rejoice evermore;
There sweetest pleasure never dies, O what joy when life is o'er!

M. W. Matthews, owner.

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